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THE BRITISH DISCOVER EUROPE (page 17)

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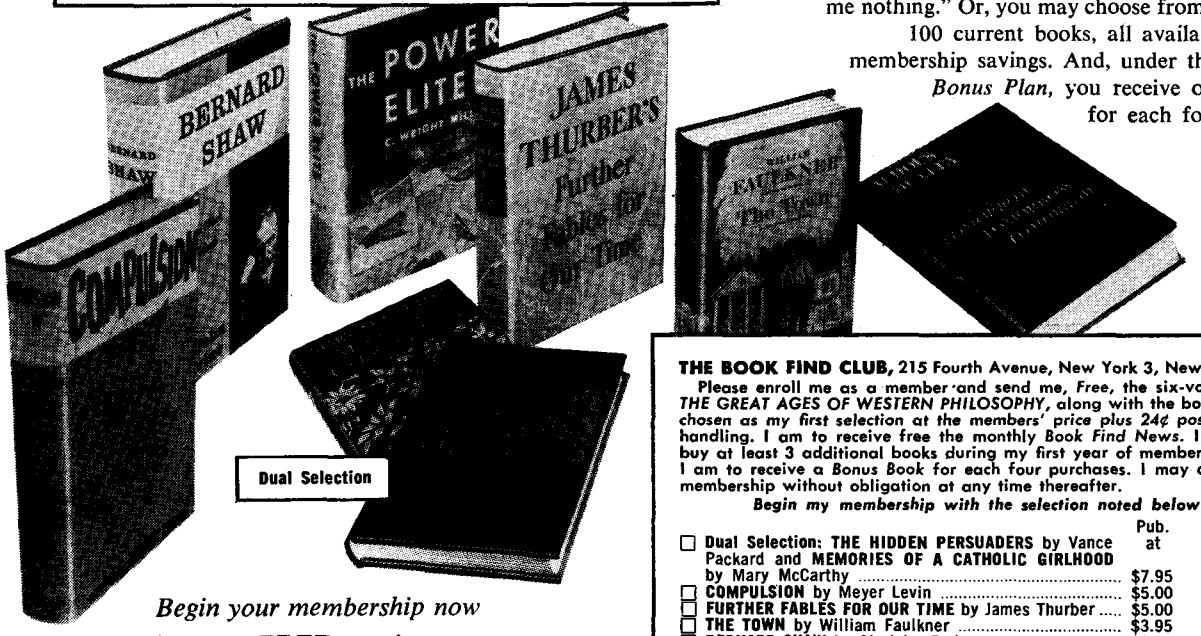

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Weakest Link

As we see it, the Soviet-American contest that has been rising to a dangerous pitch over the Middle East can be reduced to this:

The Soviets have adopted the tottering Syrian régime as their candidate for leadership of the Arab world. The United States, on the other hand, has no liking for the present rulers of Syria and is stuck with the régime in Jordan—which is in hourly danger of being overthrown. The United States could not possibly propose King Hussein for pan-Arab leadership. In that job, the American candidate might be King Saud—if only that monarch would consent to receive our backing. Other governments in the area that are supposedly friendly to the United States—such as Iraq or Lebanon—can scarcely be called stable. But then, can they even be called friendly? The most charitable thing that can be said of them is that their pro-Americanism is equal to their strength.

As a result, both Moscow and Washington find themselves at the mercy of their weakest allies. Washington calls the opponents of the present Syrian régime "true patriots." Moscow, of course, counts on "patriotic" Jordanians, Iraqis, etc. Should any of those "patriotic" groups achieve their goal and "liberate" their holy fatherland, the relationship between the Soviet Union and the United States could be put under an unendurable strain. And if a few weapons made in the United States or the Soviet Union should be fired on a fairly wide scale by street fighters in either Damascus or Amman, some other weapons of a considerably more destructive nature might start exploding all over the Middle East—and not only the Middle East.

A few days ago, Secretary Dulles and Andrei Gromyko had a long, very long, conversation in Mr. Dulles's house. They emerged after three hours and forty-five minutes, looking, some newspapers said, rather weary. We can well believe it, considering that they must have spoken about the Middle Eastern situation. Didn't these two men see where their countries are going? We find it difficult to believe that they want to have the role of Helen of Troy played by such characters as Colonel Serraj or King Hussein.

A Republican Looks at His President

It is difficult to imagine how Arthur Larson's sudden departure from the United States Information Agency can be interpreted otherwise than as a dismissal. Mr. Larson came into command of the agency last November as a personal confidant and palace philosopher of the President. He had written a book that defined to White House liking the doctrine of "modern Republicanism," and when he became the head of the storm-tossed USIA, enthusiasm for the new director was general.

But soon Larson discovered that it is not the business of America's chief propagandist to determine, or even materially affect, America's political position abroad. He is supposed to "implement" (i.e., justify) that position after he has been told from above what it is. He has an elaborate Office of Policy and Plans, but it does not make policy. That is done elsewhere.

Larson soon learned in this messy state of affairs that he was just a mike for somebody else's voice. But he must have thought that by making the technical apparatus of transmission more elaborate he could make his presence felt among policymakers. So last spring he asked Congress for a record 26.5 per cent increase in the appropriation for the next year, thereby bringing the total information budget up to $144 million, unprecedented even at the height of the Second World War. This astronomical request led to political disaster when an infuriated Democratic Congress slashed the "modern Republican's" funds even below last year's figure.

Now Larson goes out the window,

OBSESSION

I can't take my eye
Away from the sky;
I can't get the little thing out of my hair,
It's here and it's there and it's everywhere,
It's whizzing and beeping right into my ear,
It's the busiest bee in the atmosphere,
It's knots in my stomach and spots in my eyes,
It's cluttering up the unclutterable skies,
It's making such fools out of so many talkers,
This ball that has beaten the beefers and balkers,
This dear little sphere,
This mere little sphere,
This bright little herald of wonder and fear—
Celestial pill that it took to get through
The layers of Miltown in all
but
us
few!

—SEC

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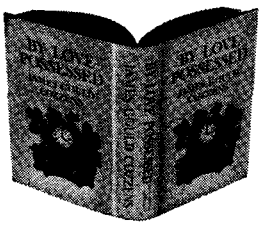

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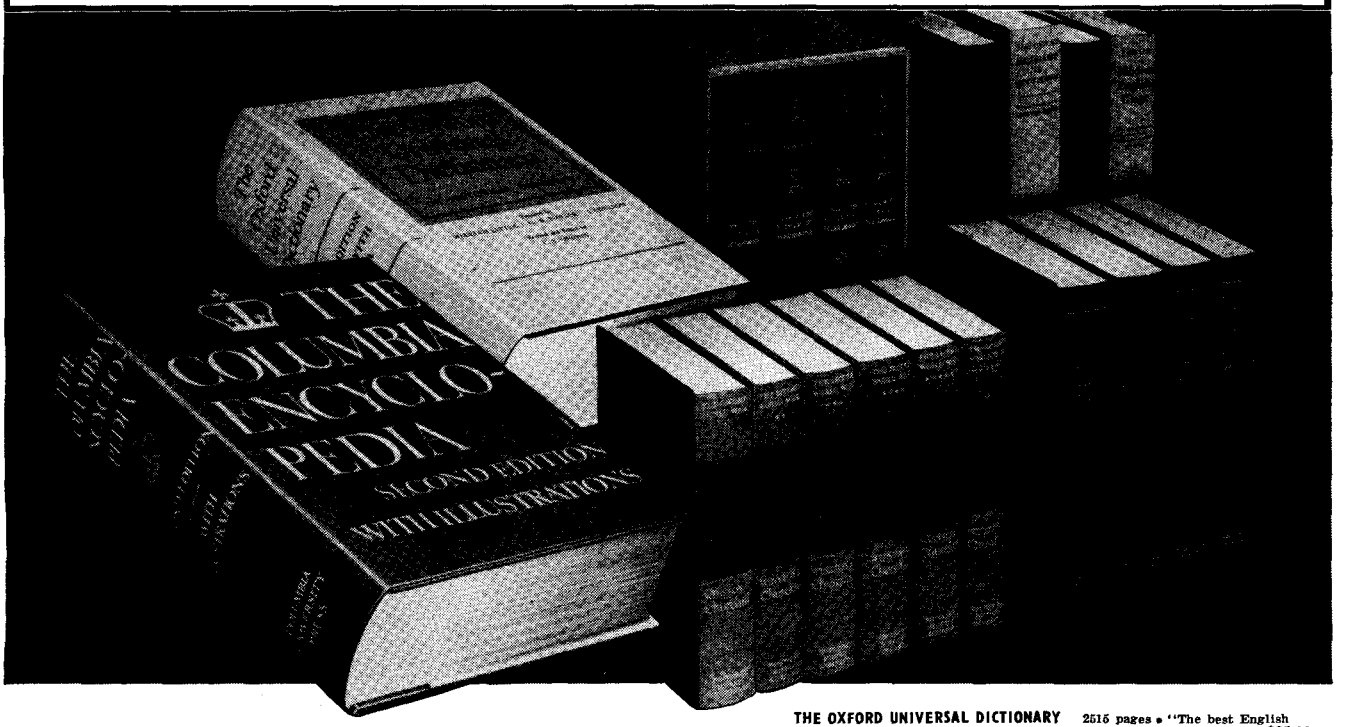

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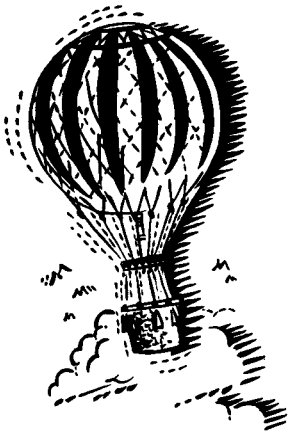

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yet his fall has been cushioned. The philosophical adviser to the President is being taken into the recesses of the White House staff as a "special assistant" on "special projects" involving, it is said, U.S. and Soviet propaganda.

On his previous job Larson failed, and maybe couldn't help failing, to convey America's lesson to the world. But from now on he can act as the President's private tutor.

A Case Study—Concluded

In the aftermath of Judge Thomas J. Clary's sweeping opinion in the railroad-trucker case, it is hard to say whether it is the Eastern railroads or their publicists, Carl Byoir & Associates, Inc., that stand most in need of a good public-relations job. The twenty-four railroads now find themselves convicted of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act through a conspiracy conceived and executed by the very firm they have been paying around $400,000 a year to assure them the good will of the public. The Byoir firm itself stands condemned as a party to the anti-trust violation, denounced for a whole complex of unsavory devices adding up to what the court characterized as the "Big Lie."

Judge Clary's trenchant language will hardly surprise readers of this magazine who recall "The 'Engineering of Consent'—A Case Study," which appeared in *The Reporter* of August 11, 1955. In a play-by-play description of the Byoir campaign against the long-haul trucking companies, the article described the phony letterheads, the spurious organizations, the planted magazine articles, and similar devices that seemed to the court more like a conspiracy than an exercise in public relations.

On the other hand, the defendants in the treble-damage suit are "astonished" at the decision. The Byoir firm, serving notice of appeal, says that "basic American freedoms are the fundamental issues" in the case, especially the rights guaranteed by the First Amendment. If free speech includes conspiracy to drive competitors out of business, the appellate courts will so decide, but in the meantime the railroads will have to

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patch up their public relations some other way—perhaps even, if things get desperate enough, by giving tolerable service.

The Greatest Insult

We learn with a sinking heart that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has forbidden the use of the word "Yank." Along with "kike," "coon," "dago," "wop," "squarehead," "limey," "Jap," "mick," and "Chink," it is considered "derogatory to color, nationality, or religion."

This sort of thing can be carried too far, and we had rather hoped that other, less self-conscious nations would somehow manage not to make themselves quite so foolish as we Yanks do. Although there can be no doubt about the New York City school system's legal right to drop *Huckleberry Finn* from its list of approved textbooks, it is quite clear that the step was taken because the most noble and sympathetic character in the book is frequently referred to as Nigger Jim. Our own radio and TV networks are so timid about giving offense that the villain in a play invariably turns out to have neither race, creed, nor recognizable means of earning a living. (Watch out for the lawyers, doctors, butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers.) The only safe villain is an unemployed white Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

And then there are the gentle souls who would make men brothers by pretending that all religions are basically the same blurry uplift and that, honestly, they never even notice the color of a man's skin. Now some of our best friends are do-gooders, and we hate just as much as they do the bestial racism that puts the obscenity into the two syllables of "nigger." But we also despise the inverted racism that would cram all American citizens into a mystical melting pot and boil them down to a mass of gray, lumpless pottage. Aren't the smoothers-over faintly despicable themselves? The craven neutralists sing pious anthems to law and order in the midst of a great and terrible battle that will only be ended when men at last love each other for what they are, for the invaluable differences that keep them from turning into homogenized nothingness.

It would be a poor bargain indeed if equality before the law could only be purchased at the price of making all men equally faceless.

Homage to Elizabeth

A newcomer to the ranks of Britain's "angry young men" is fifty-four-year-old Malcolm Muggeridge, a former editor of *Punch* who for several years has been purveying a sort of meticulous banality on various BBC television programs. In the October 18 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* Mr. Muggeridge discarded his meticulousness. For the *Post* he retained his banality and wrote at profitable length of the "royal soap opera" that was going to visit the United States.

Since last summer, when an unknown young aristocrat named Altrincham won fame by calling Elizabeth II a priggish schoolgirl, attacks on Britain's queen have become a sure way of being accepted, regardless of age, as an "angry young man." A series of gentlemen have stepped forward to display their anger and audacity at the lady's expense. Perhaps the most successful has been Mr. John Osborne, presently visiting us, who has found that calling his queen "the gold filling in a mouthful of decay" is good publicity for his play *Look Back in Anger*, newly arrived on Broadway.

Unlike our beat generation, Britain's has at last found a suitable target—what's more, it is one that can't hit back. And all the turmoil of soul and desperate rhetoric has found its ultimate expression in something equivalent to spitting on the flag, "firstly for money," as Mr. Muggeridge has said.

We are grateful that a lovely young lady arrived here in time to make us remember the gracious side of Britain.

FOREIGN POLICY

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Muddle, muddle,
Blinker, brinker,
Clinker, sinker—
Pater Noster,
Spare us Foster!

—SEC

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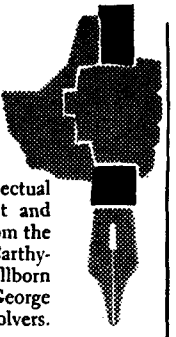

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A TOP KICK'S LAMENT

To the Editor: General S. L. A. Marshall, well known for his perspicuity in analysis of military affairs, has made an excellent approach to understanding the current military picture ("How Ready Is Our Ready Reserve?," *The Reporter,* October 3).

Over-all adjustments on the national level often create havoc with the local training program of the reserves. From my worm's-eye view at the local unit level, fiscal tampering is seen to produce near-catastrophic results. In the past three weeks, for example, my unit has twice been called upon to drop training assemblies from the quarterly training schedule in order to meet fiscal expediency. (These meetings will be rescheduled next quarter when funds will be available.)

The recent freeze imposed on recruiting for the reserve program has stopped the machinery of recruitment—a loss of momentum that will be difficult to restore.

Neither of these two examples has anything to do with military necessity. Both are strictly budget-motivated. There is a tremendous loss of economy caused by the proliferation of paper work attendant to these dodges and weaves. The two-hour-a-week unit can be slowed to a crawl in its training by such minor problems.

My reserve unit, a truck company, is located in semi-condemned quarters on the third floor of a building that provides inadequate classroom training and no room at all for trucks! How can you train a driver or a mechanic without vehicles?

Furthermore, six-month trainees, who generally return from active duty at a high peak of morale, begin to lose their enthusiasm in the face of inconsistency and inadequate training facilities.

To be sure, the Army reserve is doing the best that can realistically be expected in view of the limitations placed upon it. But if reserve units are to become capable of providing full support to the active forces, continuity must be established and maintained, and adequate funds must be made available.

THOMAS H. ALLEN
Master Sergeant, USAR
Eureka, California

AID AND PRODUCTIVITY

To the Editor: David Hotham is to be commended for his penetrating analysis of the U.S. aid program in Vietnam, in the article "U.S. Aid to Vietnam—a Balance Sheet" (*The Reporter,* September 19). My own experience as a professional soldier in Southeast Asia and the Far East substantiates his view that American aid plans must accord greater emphasis and imagination to the problems of economic development. Without concrete advances in the living standards of the Vietnamese people, our great investments in military assistance will be gravely jeopardized.

Time is obviously a crucial factor in Vietnam, as is all of Asia. To meet the most dangerous challenge yet presented by the Communists, the U.S. government must adopt a more imaginative and flexible approach to aid—an approach that is designed primarily to boost the standards of living and the productive capacity of Vietnam without endangering the stability of the economy. In the long run, our aid must provide for productive enterprises in Vietnam—a result that consumer-goods assistance cannot achieve by itself. This requires a new approach with less emphasis in the Vietnamese meeting western technological standards—at least in the beginning—and with independence on the highest levels. We can no longer afford the luxury of smug attitudes when evaluating proposals for development put forth by the Vietnamese or other Asians. To get the job done, we too must adapt. It is a two-way street or it is a blind alley.

I have one or two reservations regarding Mr. Hotham's article. He infers that too much of our aid money is going to the support of the military in Vietnam. It must be remembered that the army provides the people of Free Vietnam with physical evidence of strength and security so important to a population that until recently was constantly harassed from within by a guerrilla enemy. For this reason, if no other, maintenance of the army at its present strength is necessary, at least until the civilian police force becomes a trained and reliable organization.

Mr. Hotham also stated that the army's "inclination to resume arms against its Northern compatriots may well be doubted." In fact, the army is now organized into regiments and divisions, making for a cohesive force embodying teamwork and continuity in the influence of the chain of command. Perhaps even more important is the motivation and *esprit* of the soldiers and officers. For the first time in almost a century, these men are fighting for their own nation. They now have the most fundamental stake in their security. To ignore this most tangible element in estimating the capacities of newly independent nations like Vietnam is to ignore one of the most profound political facts of the twentieth century.

JOHN W. O'DANIEL
Lieutenant General, U.S. Army (Ret.)
New York

THE WALKER AND THE CITY

To the Editor: Lois Balcom has clearly stated the vexing problem of how to separate the pedestrian from the automobile in today's urban centers ("The Best Hope for Our Big Cities," *The Reporter,* October 3).

The Fort Worth plan is an important contribution to city planning for its imaginative concept of actually separating the pedestrian from the automobile in the downtown center. I believe the concept of the plan is applicable to other small and medium-size cities where retail shopping sales in the downtown area are not in danger of competition from outlying shopping centers. In larger cities the problem is more complex

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and more costly. Large cities have enormous amounts of business transactions of all kinds that have nothing to do with retail shopping. For that reason, other approaches may prove necessary.

One approach that occurs to me is to remove the pedestrian entirely from the street grade. Pedestrian overpasses and overhead walks may prove far less costly than the complete or partial removal of the automobile. On the whole, I agree with Miss Balcom that we must plan our central areas with the pedestrian in mind. If we don't, the automobile will choke the remaining life from the central core once and for all.

IRA J. BACH
Commissioner of City Planning
Chicago

To the Editor: Throughout the course of history, the great architectural creations have been built on sites under single ownership or control. That is true of all the examples cited by Miss Balcom as illustrations of good, attractive, integrated planning, with the startling exception of Victor Gruen's plan for Fort Worth. This is the finest contribution yet made by an architect to the cause of city planning within the centers of existing cities. However, Mr. Gruen and his backers have yet to realize that a plan for an American city, where many of the existing property ownerships will remain, must develop in a democratic fashion with the contributions of many individuals and organizations helping to shape and mold it. Otherwise it cannot succeed. This is why the architects of America have contributed so little to the comprehensive planning of American cities.

The eyes of the world will soon turn to Cincinnati, where a plan has been formulated that has received the inspiration of Victor Gruen's plan for Fort Worth and the modification of many able technicians and citizens of this community. It controls automobile circulation and emphasizes pedestrian circulation. It will challenge the shopping centers, and they can choose their own weapons.

HERBERT W. STEVENS
Director of Planning
Cincinnati

STRAUSS'S *INTERMEZZO*

To the Editor: Roland Gelatt's vindication of "The Late Operas of Richard Strauss" (*The Reporter,* October 3) was enormously welcome and very much overdue. It is no criticism to wish that he had mentioned another Strauss opera of great charm and undeserved neglect, *Intermezzo* (1917, performed in 1925).

The composer wrote his own libretto. Musically, *Intermezzo* has great delicacy of texture, a consciously *bel canto* vocal style, and some succulent and moving melodies of great allure. Surely it should at least be recorded.

Some years ago my wife, while interviewing Kirsten Flagstad, asked her views of the reasons for "Strauss's later decline." Mme. Flagstad replied rather tartly that she felt he had *not* declined. Performances of style and musicianship would, I am sure, go far toward demonstrating this fact, and *Intermezzo* would be a delectable start.

WILLIAM KAY ARCHER
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BOOKS THAT MATTER

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WHAT could **Max Ascoli's** editorial be on if not on Sputnik? The Russian progress in ballistic missiles that was dramatized by the launching of the satellite is just what the nation needs to get back on the tracks. Incidentally, when the first news of Sputnik reached us, we somehow remembered having read somewhere that something of the sort was going to happen. It turned out that **Albert Parry** had predicted the launching date with surprising accuracy in our own magazine three years ago. We hasten to add that Mr. Parry is no crystal gazer. He is simply a man who can read Russian and takes the trouble to follow what gets into print in the Soviet Union. Mr. Parry is chairman of the department of Russian studies at Colgate University, and contributing editor for Soviet affairs for *Missiles and Rockets* magazine. . . . The article by **Hilbert Schenck, Jr.,** came to us originally as a letter to the editor. We found that it expressed with forcefulness and clarity a point of view that is not often made known. Mr. Schenck spent a number of years working as an engineer in one of the largest plants that do defense work for the government.

WE always try to find what consolation we can in the news of the day. After the September meetings of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, we found our consolation when we realized that if American leadership lags somewhat, the very fact brings our European allies together. The nations of western Europe are convinced that they must work out an overall economic policy of their own, and **Don Cook** of the New York *Herald Tribune*'s London bureau reports the good news that the British seem ready to give up an ancient prejudice and admit that they, too, are part of western Europe. Europe is slowly finding its way toward a sort of unity, but it won't be of the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention variety. . . . The British can never forget that they are also part of another economic constellation, the sterling area. **Graham Hutton,** a prominent British economist, analyzes the stringent new measures the Tory government has imposed at home in order to save the British pound abroad.

A very different sort of economic problem is besetting a handful of segregationists here in this country. **John G. Wofford,** a recent Harvard graduate who is now at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, describes the sorrowful white cartographers of Tuskegee, Alabama, who cut up the map to spite their own race. . . . Continuing our coverage of the crisis in city planning that plagues practically every American metropolis, we sent Contributing Editor **William Harlan Hale** to Detroit; he has brought back a rather optimistic account of how that city is attempting to save itself from its own growth. . . . President Rhee has called Korea "the forgotten front." It's perfectly true that once the shooting is over we Americans have a tendency to assume that everything will be all right. But the problems of that divided country certainly have not been settled. Many of them are beyond our control, but some of them aren't. The shocking details of the mishandling of American aid funds in Korea were observed at firsthand by **Charles Edmundson,** former information adviser for the International Cooperation Administration in that country. . . . **Eric Sevareid** is a very brave political commentator indeed to tell the world about an electronic Frankenstein that could make him and all his colleagues obsolete.

J. F. Powers is well known for his short stories about priests and cats. Here is one story in which there is a cat but no priest. We suspect, however, that there may be a bit of theological comment in it about the nature—and limitations—of compassion. Doubleday has published two collections of his stories, *Prince of Darkness* and *The Presence of Grace*. . . . **Jay Jacobs,** who frequently contributes drawings to *The Reporter*, views with alarm a new source of artistic competition. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith** is professor of economics at Harvard.

Our cover is by **Prestopino.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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Thank You, Sputnik!

To judge from the shrieking headlines and comments in some of the most respectable pro-administration publications, October 4, 1957, might be called a day that will live in infamy. We hasten to say that we can find no such significance in the day on which the Russian-launched satellite started whirling around the earth. The event has been called "disastrous" by some, "defeat" by others. Disaster and defeat may lie ahead, but only if our nation fails to act. Those "beeps" are the ticking of a clock that Soviet technology has given the American people, who can certainly put the Russian timepiece to good use.

It is not in the grain of a democracy, particularly when it is both powerful and wealthy, to go through an emergency of unlimited duration. But now, from October 4 on, we can time our effort and measure the energy, the sacrifices that are asked of us. The asking must be done by our government, for the government alone has access to all the relevant information. Yet we, the citizens, have been learning a great deal since that timepiece started to tick. We have learned how most of our leaders, with the remarkable exception of Vice-President Nixon, are trying to befuddle us. One of them, now fortunately retired, has called Sputnik "a neat, scientific trick"; others, the President included, seem to consider it a peculiar Muscovite way of celebrating the International Geophysical Year, and of luring us into a technological duel that we are too proud to fight. Yet not even the White House and the Pentagon together, disturbed as they have been, have succeeded in classifying Sputnik.

That thing goes on keeping good, or at least predictable, time. Time is of the essence: We have to catch up with the Russians in many a race, and not just in the technological one, even though for the next thirty-nine months we are saddled with the present administration. This burden must be endured with the restraints on partisanship the present emergency demands. It is worth keeping in mind that the Congressional branch of the government is in Democratic hands and that the last Democratic Presidential campaign was largely based on the weird dogma: There is no mileage in foreign affairs.

Seldom, and only in heavy times, does it happen that ideas on public affairs become unmistakably and irrefutably clear to every thinking man and woman. Ideas are then reflected and heightened by a fact. Facts rarely can be expected to throw light or speak for themselves. Too easily can they be beclouded by uncandid, meretricious interpretations or diversions. We know even too well how authoritative spokesmen of the administration have tried airily to dismiss Sputnik. Yet they cannot, they will not, prevail. The ideas that give meaning and relevance to Sputnik are as inescapable as its recurrent "beep." They will remain with us even if the "beep" fades out and Sputnik ends its career by melting away.

First of all, it is beyond doubt that we have let Soviet technology get ahead of ours—at least as far as intercontinental missiles are concerned. There is a definite loss of time, and it will be neither easy nor cheap for us to regain it. But it would be insane to assume that this is beyond the reach of American financial resources, technical ingenuity, and organizational skill—provided, of course, our will to do it is not thwarted.

Too much gabbing has been going on these days about the prospects—if not, indeed, the actual evidence—of the superior capacity a slave society has over a free one in getting things done. Such idiocies aside, it is unquestionable that in the competition with Soviet Russia for prestige among civilized or not-so-civilized peoples our country has suffered a grievous setback. While it may probably be too much to say that the balance of power definitely works now in Russia's favor, there is not much doubt that during the last five years Russia's power—not ours—has been in the ascendancy. If we don't believe it, let's look at Sputnik. A free society has always the capacity to repair the mistakes and the miscalculations of its leaders, if there is enough time and energy left. In our present predicament, we have still *some* time to do the job.

During the years when the balance of power was definitely in our favor, when we had the monopoly of nuclear weapons or were far superior to the Russians in the stockpiling and capacity to deliver such weapons, we did not gain any great advantage from our

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superiority. In fact, we can say that superiority did us little good, for it was during those years that Communism achieved some of its greatest triumphs. The lesson of those years is as clear as it is trite, for it is the same that men have been learning ever since they acquired some experience with the use of organized force. From 1945 to 1952 or 1953, our weapons of mass destruction made us incomparably superior to the Russians. But it was not in our nature to cash in on this superiority.

Will the Russians now cash in on whatever superiority they may have acquired? Will they do it while the punch of SAC is still redoubtable, no matter how many of our airbases at home and abroad they may succeed in crippling? Things have been going so well for Khrushchev and Zhukov lately that it is hard to imagine how they could risk the total devastation of their own land. It may, however, be quite different should the Russians acquire a still greater superiority over us in intermediate and long-range missiles, or, in other words, should we fail to catch up. This marks the margin of time we have in our favor.

It is good to know that the effort required of our nation is a definite one, and that every day, every hour, counts. In its history our country has met quite a number of hair-raising deadlines. Yet to get over the hump that lies ahead is only half of what is needed. It has been proven now that our defense policy has been at fault. But our diplomacy too has been at fault, and probably for a longer time. This diplomacy—even before the Republicans came to power—has been based on the position-of-strength notion. The trouble is that when we did have a position of strength, which means of superior strength, our diplomacy—to use the terminology we have learned lately—never quite succeeded in becoming operational with equal impact on the different areas of the globe.

The Russians, on the contrary, have had a diplomacy, a way of advancing and consolidating their positions short of shooting war, that proved to be successful, even when they were leading from weakness. How much farther are they likely to go now, when they lead from strength?

The Third Carbon Copy

For too long our diplomacy, as this magazine has repeatedly stated, has been a carbon copy of our strategy. The trend of the Republican administration, however, makes it necessary to revise this definition. For under Eisenhower and Dulles the first and overwhelming consideration has been the budget, then weapons technology, then strategy, and finally, at the very end, diplomacy. The result, of course, has been a blurred diplomacy that constitutes at least as great and present a danger to our national security as the setback we have recently suffered in the technological armament race with Soviet Russia.

A few weeks ago, Secretary Dulles wrote in an article for *Foreign Affairs*: "We are only beginning to envisage the drastic changes in political-military relations which will be consequent upon the rapid growth of scientific knowledge and operating experience in the nuclear field. New weapons possibilities are opening up in rapid succession. Political thinking finds it difficult to keep up with that pace. And, of course, there is inevitably some interval between the thinking and the institutionalizing of the results of thinking." While our Secretary of State was thinking of institutionalizing the results of his thinking on new weapons, the Russians developed new weapons of their own that we have not yet matched. In fact, they had so many intercontinental missiles that they could spare one of them to set Sputnik spinning around the earth.

Thanks to Sputnik, we too, the citizens, could do a lot of thinking. It is amazing how much cramming on strategy we have been able to do in a few weeks. We have learned what is a prototype, what operational means, and what the re-entry into the earth's atmosphere may do to a rocket's nose. We have also learned that some of our most prominent national leaders have acquired the habit of hiding the truth from us—and possibly from themselves.

It is a sad, distasteful story, but at least some of it must be told. At his press conference on September 3, the President had this to say about the intercontinental-ballistic-missile programs—ours and the Russians': "There is a long distance between proving that you can fire one test instrument in a particular direction and achieve one result, and acquiring that instrument in sufficient numbers and sufficient reliability to be worthwhile tactically." And he added: ". . . the big thing to remember is that a mere tested vehicle is a long ways from actual production." He would have done well to remember what happened with the Russian intercontinental jet bombers. This was most tersely stated by Senator Symington, who in his subcommittee hearings said to General Twining: "In January of 1955, or February, you told us it was true the Communists had an intercontinental jet bomber; but that it would be several years before they would be in production on it. But in May of that same year, they flew more in one formation than we had in our entire Air Force."

About our ICBM program, General Twining, a good and competent airman, stated at the same committee hearings: "I feel we are [ahead], and in pushing that weapon we are strides ahead of them. I don't think the margin is great, but we are a little ahead of them." That was on July 19, 1956. On February 25 of the same year, Senator Symington commented on what Senator Saltonstall, speaking a short time before in Buffalo, had called "our growing stockpile of intercontinental ballistic missiles." "The United States has no stockpile of intercontinental ballistic missiles whatever,"

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Senator Symington retorted, "and under present conditions won't have any for years to come." As of now, our ICBM program has hardly reached the test stage, and is still at the mostly-fizzle stage.

Among our administration leaders who commented on the Russian ICBM, Mr. Dulles was most successful in attaining the farthest reaches of absurdity. Commenting at a press conference on the Russians' announcement that they had reached the "target area," he said: "Well, how big is the target area? If the target area is the size of this room that is indeed something. But if the target area is a good many hundred square miles that is something else again." It is doubtful whether the Russians would ever pinpoint a long-range missile with nuclear warhead on the fifth floor of the big Foggy Bottom building. Should they hit Baltimore instead of Washington, that would be enough.

Strategists All

In the accelerated adult-education course on weapons and strategy we have all been given, we have learned that the administration considers privately owned companies vastly preferable to government-owned arsenals for the development of ballistic or guided missiles. Redstone, the Army's arsenal at Huntsville, Alabama, has produced Jupiter, the intermediate-range missile that has been repeatedly and successfully tested and proved greatly superior to the Air Force's Thor. But Thor is being developed by a private company, while Jupiter has been made at an Army arsenal, with scientists and engineers on the government payroll. For this kind of creeping socialism the administration has no stomach.

It is at Redstone that the German rocket scientists led by Dr. Wernher von Braun are working. They brought to this country a knowledge of rocketry of which they have given superabundant evidence by designing and perfecting the V-bombs. The British will never forget how operational the V-bombs proved to be. In our country these scientists, now American citizens, have done good work. One of the Army officers most closely associated with them was Colonel John C. Nickerson, Jr., who was court-martialed, exiled from the missile program, and sent to Panama. His crime, to which he pleaded guilty, was that he divulged data in defense of Jupiter. A prominent member of the German team, Dr. Ernest Stuhlinger, praised Nickerson as one of the three men most responsible for the success of Jupiter.

Before sailing for Panama, Colonel Nickerson gave an interview to the North American Newspaper Alliance, released in two instalments on September 7 and 8. The NANA story or excerpts from it were printed in a number of publications, but by and large it was not considered as news that's fit to print.

Yet some of what the colonel said is well worth knowing. "The Russians have beaten us by testing the first ICBM. We are in grave danger of being beaten again very soon by the Russians—this time on the earth-satellite launching," the colonel said. "The first nation to place a scientific satellite in an orbit around the earth will gain vital international prestige plus many technical gains. Our satellite program, however, has fallen badly behind in schedule. . . . There is still a good chance for us to win [the satellite race] if we give von Braun the go-ahead immediately. He and his scientists—both Germans and Americans—at the ballistic missiles agency in Huntsville have been working on a 'stand-by' satellite and have done enough engineering and fabrication to be able to put up a satellite on short notice. . . .

"There are a lot of people to blame for trying to hinder" the Army's successful missile work, Nickerson said. "I'd list them this way. First, the Air Force build-up boys who have oversold us on air power and massive retaliation. Their sales campaign is aided by the Air Force policy of 'leaking' information of greater importance than that I was court-martialed for. The magazines are constantly full of articles on so-called Air Force achievements. . . . Meanwhile the Defense Department has thrown a tight secrecy curtain around any U.S. Army and von Braun achievements in the missile field." One wonders whether it is in the best interests of the nation to keep Colonel Nickerson watching ships pass through the Panama Canal and Sputnik rotating through the sky.

DURING the months ahead, at least up to the end of the present administration, every citizen must take upon himself an extra load of worry and of responsibilities commensurate with his capacity to think and to act. For while the Constitutional processes must be kept going as usual in this most unusual predicament, it cannot be denied that there is a sort of interregnum quality in the way our country's public affairs are conducted. As Chief Executive we have a man borrowed from history, whose capacity for leadership cannot be overstrained. In charge of key government departments are men who, because of their miscalculations in devising and carrying out the diplomatic and strategic policies of the country, have irreparably lost prestige both at home and abroad. There may be some replacements, but the experience of these last five years leaves little room for hope.

Yes, there is an extra load of work and of restraint that must be assumed by Congress, by the press, by everybody concerned with this nation's affairs. Not just strategy but also diplomacy must become part of our daily diet. The leaders of tomorrow, irrespective of party, must be sought out and given the chance to become known and experienced so that we may emerge from the present peril and the present rut. We have been jolted hard, and that is very good indeed, for nobody can defeat us but ourselves.

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Why Should We Have Been Surprised?

ALBERT PARRY

NEARLY three years ago, on November 18, 1954, *The Reporter* published my article "Will the Russians Beat Us to the Moon?" In it I wrote that within the limits of their security rules Soviet scientists were talking of their space-travel and other rocket plans with increasing frankness. I quoted Professor Alexander N. Nesmeyanov, president of their Academy of Sciences: "Science has reached a point where it is realistic for us to speak of . . . creating an artificial satellite . . ." I reported that Professor V. V. Dobronravov, a prominent Soviet physicist, had expressed his confidence that a satellite would be created and a Soviet flight to the moon would be achieved not "decades and centuries hence" but within "our generation."

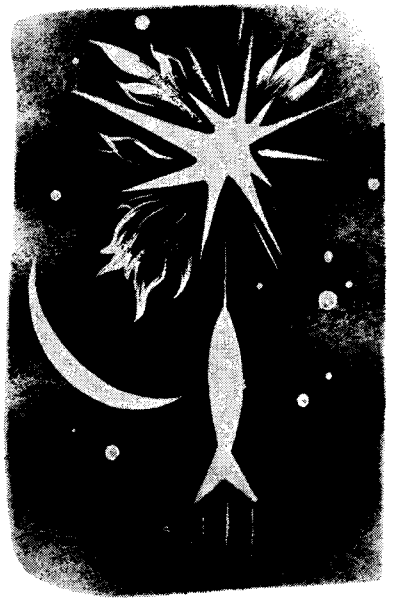
I referred to the Russians' pride in Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, a man largely ignored in the West, who between 1903 and 1911 had studied "the theoretical possibility of flights beyond the earth's atmosphere"—chiefly via multistage rockets. I mentioned research of Russian biologists on the "effects of space travel on the human body."

I asked: "Should we take these Russian astroscientists seriously?" One tentative answer had been provided by some experts in the Pentagon who in July, 1954, believed that "the Soviets might put into the air their first intercontinental ballistic missile no later than 1960."

It Was No Secret

A colonel from the Air War College, a former U.S. naval attaché in Moscow, and an aircraft company's chief of research in astrophysics were among the American authorities who confirmed my study of Russian sources sufficiently for me to conclude in that article three years ago: "A crucial race in astrophysics and astronautics is on."

This 1954 appraisal of Soviet capabilities and progress has been amply confirmed by later Soviet publications. In a tone more jubilant than truculent (a distinct contrast to the



tone of Stalin's era) and without divulging too many specific details, the Russians have been writing of their important strides in rocketry both in their academic journals and in the popular press. Typical among their books for laymen was K. A. Gilzin's *From a Rocket to a Space Ship*, issued in 1955 by the State Publishing House of the Defense Industry in an edition of fifty thousand copies. Its introduction read:

"This book explains in a popular form the principles of construction and operation of rocket engines propelled by both solid and liquid fuels. A description of the engines of the stratospheric rocket and of the jet rocket is given. Possibilities of applying rocket engines to aviation and artillery are pointed out. Methods and prospects of further development of rocket engines are enumerated. Problems of using atomic energy in rocket technology are examined, as are also possibilities of achieving interplanetary flights with the aid of rocket engines."

Among magazine articles, a representative piece was Boris V. Liapunov's "Plane-Rocket-Missile" in the Moscow *Ogoniok* for May 1, 1955. Liapunov, a Soviet rocket expert, spoke of Russian readiness in case of war to meet and destroy American "rockets and pilotless missiles" in mid-air. He also stressed that the Soviet Union had "pilotless aviation" of its own, which "will conquer the ocean of air, will study the world's space"—all very peaceful, of course, protested Liapunov, but capable still of being converted to military purposes in an emergency.

Hundreds of such Soviet publications were available from 1955 on to any American who could read Russian, enabling him to figure out, in general terms at least, how well the Soviet rocket and missile program was faring.

MUCH could be deduced from a diligent reading between the lines, too. And specific details could be gleaned from other, less public sources on Russia. Depending on such sources, Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, former Secretary of the Air Force, declared on February 5, 1956, that the Soviets had tested a ballistic missile that went "hundreds of miles" farther than any American missile tried out by that time. "I don't *believe* the Soviets are ahead of us in ballistic missiles. I

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state that they are ahead of us in ballistic missiles," said the senator.

Other informed Americans deduced from similar studies that in mid-1955 the Russians had a liquid-fuel rocket engine capable of producing a thrust of 250,000 pounds—no mean achievement compared with American progress to that date; that in late 1955 Moscow had successfully tested missiles with ranges up to 1,500 miles; and that in 1956 Soviet submarines could fire ballistic missiles 650 miles when submerged and almost 1,500 miles when surfaced.

Dr. Raymond L. Garthoff, specialist on Soviet military affairs for the RAND Corporation, found in Soviet military literature and in East German broadcasts plentiful evidence that by 1956 the Russians were fast developing both their IRBM and ICBM warhead rockets. He noted among others an East German broadcast of January 28, 1956, in which the Communist military analyst Egbert von Frankenberg said that General James H. Doolittle, Senator Henry M. Jackson, and the Alsop brothers were entirely correct in suggesting that the Soviet Union had moved ahead of the United States in the development of intercontinental missiles.

CERTAIN organizational features of the Russian rocket and missile program were also evident. Some indications came from outright Soviet statements made since Stalin's death and the subsequent relaxation of at least a few of the old restrictions on information. Others could be pieced together from casual but revealing details in Russian books and articles.

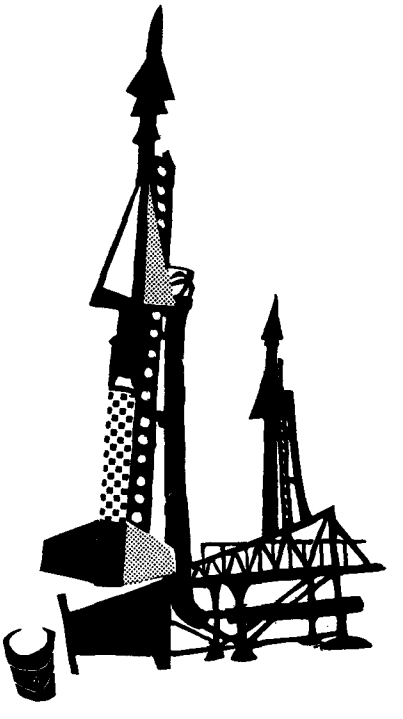
It was apparent, for instance, that the Russian effort was centralized, instead of being scattered among competing branches of the armed services as in the United States. It was also clear that the Russians always considered research and production work on the Red satellite to be complementary to their efforts in military ballistics—again in contrast to the American practice of keeping the two kinds of research independent of each other.

American experts knew—or surmised from the new satisfied tone in which even the vaguest of the Soviet claims were made—that the Russians' big breakthrough in rocketry occurred sometime during 1953 or 1954. Was it a mere coincidence that the breakthrough followed rather than preceded the marked lessening of suspicion in which the Soviet leaders had for so long held their scientists? I think not. It is worth remembering that during those same years there was a sudden increase in governmental suspicion of our own scientists.

And of course we knew that the Russians were spending lavishly on their rocket and missile research and production, while we were cutting our own appropriations as our leaders yielded to domestic political exigencies.

Anybody Could Read It

Last February, a new Washington, D.C., publication, *Missiles and Rockets, Magazine of World Astronautics,* the trade magazine of the industry, devoted its entire issue to Soviet missiles and astronautics. Numerous articles, news stories, interviews, signed columns, diagrams,



and photographs (many from Soviet sources) presented the situation in great detail.

The editors of *Missiles and Rockets* received a number of letters from American rocket and missile experts and manufacturers who knew the extent of the Soviet achievements asking why more and more of such data should not be made available to the public. The few qualified people who were comparatively unaware of the Soviet progress expressed their astonishment at the extent of Russian progress. But in spite of the fact that so much information was available, seven months later, in its September issue, *Missiles and Rockets* reported that none of the top United States missile makers "had forecast Soviet ascendancy in long-range missiles." The news of late August that the Russians had their ICBM ahead of us caught our top missile manufacturers totally unprepared.

More than thirty American manufacturers, including representatives from such companies as Westinghouse, RCA, and Ford, attended a meeting in Washington in September where it was decided to form the Association of Missile and Rocket Industries as a permanent organization for the purpose "of putting the U.S. missile effort on a more rational basis." A trade reporter wrote: "Frustration and premonition were common to everyone present—'We need missiles, not politics and false economy.' "

IN A JULY column in *Missiles and Rockets,* I cited as worthy of our attention the "educated guess" of a certain Russian émigré source that the Soviets would fire their artificial satellite on September 17, the centenary of Tsiolkovsky's birth. In its September issue, *Missiles and Rockets* supported this guess editorially by saying that "a U.S. missile engineer just returned from Russia insists that the Reds will launch an artificial earth satellite before the end of September, probably on September 17." The satellite was fired on October 4, within two and a half weeks of the predicted date.

All this shows that American missile and rocket producers as well as Defense Department officials had received more than adequate warning of the probability that the Russians might fire their satellite ahead of us.

There was even less reason why the Soviet Union's announcement in late August about its ICBM should have come as such a great surprise. Our intelligence experts had known of the Russian ICBM weeks if not

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a few months earlier. But the policy-makers above the rocket makers chose to pooh-pooh and even suppress this information.

The American missile industry and the rest of the nation are quite right, of course, in demanding less politics and false economy and more missiles and rockets. But our policy-makers should accompany such a reorganization of our program with a far more realistic approach to what the Russians are doing and saying about theirs.

It is imperative that we distinguish between the Russians' ridiculous claims during the Stalin era to have invented everything from the slingshot to the machine gun and the far more factual though still proud Soviet announcements of post-Stalin days.

What They Are Saying Now

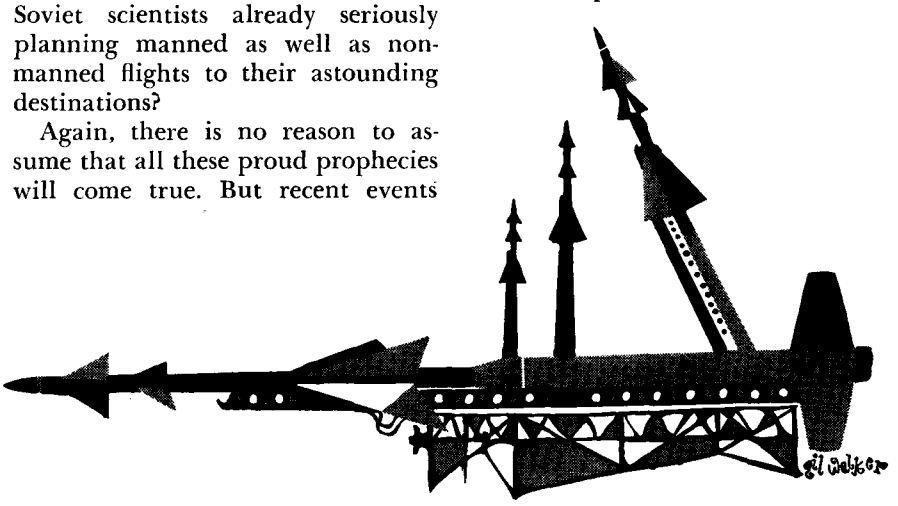
Boris Liapunov has written in *Ogoniok* of Soviet plans to open a regular service to send mail and freight by rocket from Moscow to the farthest corner of European Russia in thirty minutes and to the remotest point of Siberia or Central Asia in a few hours.

Red Star, the defense ministry paper, has spoken of transporting soldiers and military supplies by rocket. A. A. Shternfeld, an outstanding Soviet theoretician on outer space and winner of the International Prize in Astronautics, has discussed on Radio Moscow a Soviet rocket capable of taking passengers from Moscow to New York in about half an hour—"or forty-five minutes, if anyone wished to stop off in London." These claims may sound fantastic, but we should be wise to study them thoroughly before dismissing them as science fiction.

Soviet scientists have reported that their experiments with dogs, sent as far as 130 miles up into space by rocket and then brought back to the ground safely, produce results better than our experiments with mice and monkeys shot into the skies from the White Sands proving grounds in New Mexico.

The Russians have been talking of weightless planes. They have discussed the possibility of lighting Soviet cities at night by rockets shooting a catalytic agent. Professor G. Chebotarev is busily preparing Operation BOOMERANG—a rocket to circle the moon and return to earth with valuable data. Y. S. Khlebtsevich, a young Soviet expert on radio-television guidance of rockets, is working on Project L-V-M—a Lunar-Venus-Martian timetable of sending and returning rockets not later than 1965. Are these and other Soviet scientists already seriously planning manned as well as non-manned flights to their astounding destinations?

Again, there is no reason to assume that all these proud prophecies will come true. But recent events would seem to give us plenty of reason to examine them very carefully. And since the Russians seem to set some store by the dates on which they spring their "surprises," perhaps we should be prepared for another on or about November 7, the fortieth anniversary of Lenin's seizure of power.



A Nuts-and-Bolts View Of Weapons Development

HILBERT SCHENCK, Jr.

THERE is much criticism, in great part justifiable, of our sluggish weapons-development effort. But as an engineer who spent several years in high-secrecy weapons development, I would like to suggest that most of those who discuss this sad subject miss a fundamental source of difficulty that bears little relation to the problem of who happens to be assistant secretary of this or that.

From the viewpoint of the working engineer, top-level confusions and shifts occur in a rarefied atmosphere far from the daily job. The man at the bottom is generally concerned with the day-to-day completion of specific tasks—the construction and test of an experimental unit, the study of a system on a fast calculator, or the improvement of a manufacturing process.

What does the engineer find as he pursues these tasks? If he is fresh from engineering college, he often accepts a job and target date without demur and sets about planning and purchasing. But all too soon it becomes evident that technical difficulties are far overshadowed by legal and procedural blockages. If he tries to buy a foreign-made instrument, probably because it seems the best for the job, he is soon embroiled in the "Buy American" regulations, in which endless justifications of his choice must be made before he can obtain it (if he ever can). If he makes the youthful mistake of specifying special steel for a part, he may find that even a few nuts and bolts made of this steel may send the price into the three-bid area, and local firms often have neither the time nor inclination to go through formal bidding on such a trivial purchase.

Through no fault of his own, the purchasing agent may be "bought up" on the allowed "big-business percentage" for the six-month period

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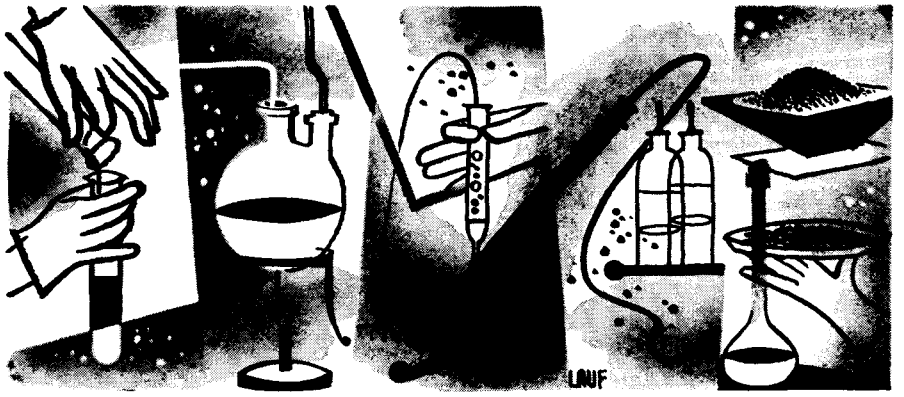


not yet ended. The engineer must either wait to make a purchase from a large company or persuade his flinty-eyed agent to overstock toilet paper and cafeteria china so that they can get back on the big-business side of the ledger. If he is incautious enough to specify a welding or machining job that must go to a local shop outside the company, he may find that there aren't enough local shops to make the three bids. Also, the local shop manager, after looking at many pages of tight legal language on the bidding form relating to race relations, employee conditions, profits, discoveries, and the like, may choose to reject the opportunity to bid. Most small shops can ill afford the legal fees necessary to study these documents unless the job is a big one.

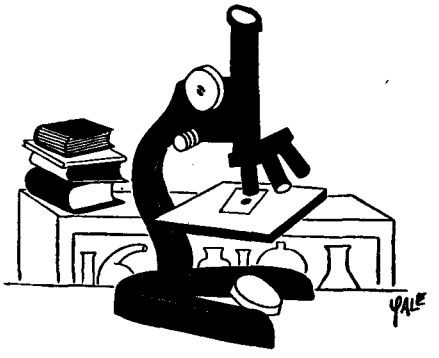
If our engineer needs a special instrument that must be developed, perhaps on a cost-plus-fee basis by another firm, he may find the firm's salesman walking out of a meeting when he finds that the "Type A" patent clause allows the government not only a royalty-free license to the new instrument but also to already developed techniques that may go into its construction. Vendors of special equipment—furnaces, pumps, etc.—shy like wild ponies when renegotiation is mentioned. If they should underbid a tough job, they lose their shirt, but a lucky breakthrough will result in action to cut their profit to very modest levels.

If a manufacturing process calls for a new lathe or another machine tool, the engineer's shop foreman may have to travel half across the country to a "surplus warehouse" where acres of cosmolined tools lie in confusion. Because the government refuses to substitute punch-card methods for inventory clerks, the foreman may spend days wandering in search of something suitable, while hundreds of public servants relax and watch. The whole shop suffers while he is away, and his wife and kids suffer when he gets home, his ulcer throbbing like a punch press. Nobody tells the engineer much about the plans for his project, and he can give no assurance to a vendor that an expensive tool-up will result in more than a token order.

The Obstacle Race

Over all this muddle lies the monolithic security structure. The engineer must take trips to see those who have experience in what he wants to do, but he may cool his heels half a day after a two-thousand-mile trip because some AEC secretary in an operations office somewhere has lost his request for a cleared visit. In his breast pocket he carries a notebook full of secret data he must have with him, an illegal and dangerous practice that could result at any time in the filing of a dreaded security violation.

Is this engineer a lazy tool of the Communists? No, he's in a hurry to make something faster than the Communists. Let's hope he doesn't get caught. Just as he is about to dispatch a set of prints to a vendor, someone in the local security empire decides that the prints are really restricted data, or secret, or both. Days go by while the prints are desperately redrawn to make them harmless, if this is possible. Otherwise the engineer may have to clear the vendor's facility and people. Six months, perhaps a year, shot.



If our young man hasn't the experience or the nerve to sneak hints to an uncleared vendor, he may find said vendor coming up with solutions that are not applicable to the problem: too heavy for a missile; can't stand the thermal rise at the speeds we want; supposed to be waterproof—this is a sub, you know. Eventually the engineer hardens his heart and violates security regulations every working day. And he makes progress, while looking carefully over his shoulder. Finally, after he has faced these and a hundred similar situations that nobody ever mentioned in college, the job is done.

It is appallingly late. It is a patch-up, because he made substitutions to save procurement time or to assist a reluctant vendor. Some of the pieces our hero bought out of his own pocket. His operators and foremen, whose clearances are lost someplace with the FBI, AEC, or what have you, are untrained and must be quietly indoctrinated. The little shack where his apparatus proudly sits must be guarded and special badges issued. The company personnel people, bored by this seemingly endless multiplication of new problems, cannot think of a good color for the special badges . . . and so on.

Whose Fault?

What is the reaction from the country, from Congress, and from the information media to this sweaty and somewhat cynical fellow and his devices, this man who wants to get things done? They point at him and say, "You are lazy, poorly trained, and overpaid. The stupid Russians win every race." And in the same breath they say, "We need more of you."

But why are thousands of projects so late? Did the engineer or Mr. Wilson or some under secretary make

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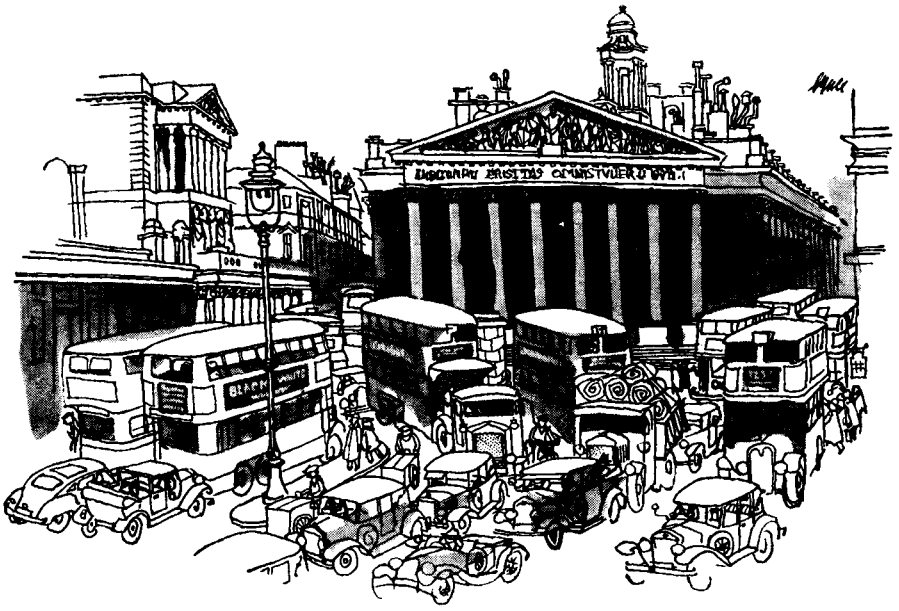
them late? No. Sadly enough, it is the people of the United States who cause much of the delay in missile firings. The America First crowd sees no reason why tax money should buy foreign goods, particularly when we must make better stuff than anyone else. The liberal, mistrustful of big business, demands three bids, patent clauses, and renegotiation. The small-business lobby imposes quotas without regard to the nature of the project: Small business must have its share of public money. Any attempt to streamline those fantastic warehouses, or the security offices, or the thousand other agencies that trip our engineering friend with delay and incompetence meets a congressman standing firm against "wholesale unemployment in my district." Security hamstrings everything from top to bottom.

Change things? A congressman or senator facing a tough re-election is just aching for an issue. Red-scare neurosis paralyzes the Pentagon. Why? Because most of our citizenry will buy that brand of baloney. In short, we the people have allowed unchecked popular democracy to stupefy many phases of our weapons program.

In effect, we have said to the Secretary of Defense, the project leaders, and our green engineer: "You must use our money exactly as we want. You must satisfy every pressure group, every lobby in the United States. And then, when you have done that, hurry like hell!"

IT MAY BE that these weapons programs serve only to maintain full employment, in which case the unchecked democratic approach is not only useful but morally correct. But if our responsible citizens really believe that this is a competitive struggle, with life itself as the prize, then talk of shifts in high places or appointment of "czars" will not in itself make things right. I believe we must ask some difficult, agonizing questions. Among them is this one: Can we allow our people, so easily whipped up by pressure groups and lobbies, to have such a big say in the intricate development of these complex devices? Can we allow the total luxury of total democracy in such a fast-moving, highly technical, and deadly race?



AT HOME & ABROAD

The British Discover Europe

DON COOK

LONDON

BRITAIN at long last seems ready to admit that the English Channel is only twenty miles wide. In launching the European Free Trade Area scheme, the British have set out for the first time in their history to initiate and formulate a positive, constructive European policy based on partnership and direct economic ties with the Continent. The old balance-of-power concept of Britain's relationship to the Continent, dead since 1945, is now being buried. The European Free Trade Area proposal marks the beginning of the end of the Commonwealth preferential-tariff system that has bolstered the British economy for a quarter of a century, and it marks the beginning of the beginning of a new orientation of British economic and foreign policy.

The Free Trade Area plan was first officially launched in July, 1956. It has taken more than a year to progress to the stage of negotiations, which began formally on October 16 in Paris under the Organization for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC). Its final success is still far from inevitable, but when we look back on the diplomatic history of the past year, it is surprising that the British have managed to push their scheme as far as they have.

Shaking off the mental and diplomatic habits of a couple of centuries has involved some painful awakenings in London. In their new role the British have been displaying such a general obtuseness about European thought, political character, and psychology, such ineptitude in public relations, and such misjudgments in diplomacy that the new policy has frequently been close to European rejection before it even got started. "The truth is that we know a lot more about dealing with Africans and Hindus and Arabs and Chinese and even Americans than we do about Europeans," one British diplomat remarked somewhat ruefully

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at a particularly awkward moment in negotiations.

Not only have the British had to contend with their own long mental aloofness from the sensitivities and ambitions of Europe in presenting their new policy; they have also faced the domestic political necessity of taking a very big step that breaks with all diplomatic and economic precedent while trying to make it appear for home consumption as a very little step.

Moreover, it has been difficult for the British to swallow the fact that they need the treaty more than the Europeans do—that far from doing Europe a favor with their plan, they can ill afford to remain any longer in semi-isolation from the Continent. Six Continental nations—France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg—are already united in the European Coal and Steel Community and are about to launch an atomic-development pool and a single-tariff Common Market. These six countries could get along without the further development of a Free Trade Area; Britain probably could not.

All these factors have combined during the past year to lend Britain's diplomatic and public pursuit of its new policy a curious quality of self-righteousness and petulance that is far out of tune with a Europe that wants idealism and symbols, and a break with the disordered and discredited past.

The Astute Romantic

The British cabinet originally adopted the Free Trade Area proposal on the initiative of Harold Macmillan, who was then chancellor of the exchequer. His motive was practical idealism. Seeing the growing economic unity and strength of Europe, the decline of Britain's share of total world trade, the weakening of sterling as a world currency, and the restiveness of Britain's Commonwealth partners over the imperial preference system from which Britain is the chief net beneficiary, Macmillan hit upon the Free Trade Area plan as a way to meet the future by breaking with the past.

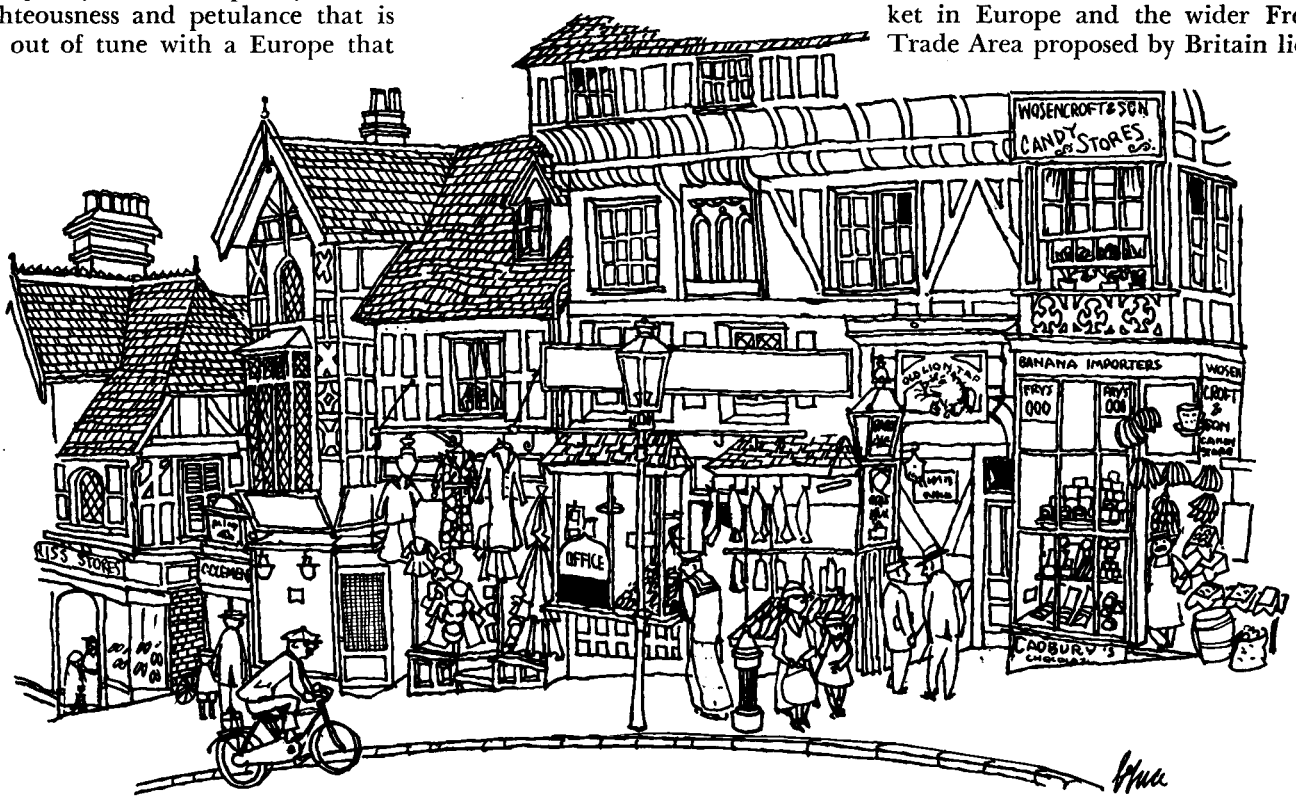
"Harold is a romantic," one of his closest colleagues has said. "After the Napoleonic Wars we created our colonial system to support our trade economy. After the First World War we created the Commonwealth system and imperial preference to keep us going. Now we must create a new partnership with Europe. That's the way Macmillan thinks of it."

But the cabinet to which Macmillan first presented his plan was presided over by Sir Anthony Eden, whose view of Britain's role in European affairs was the traditional Foreign Office approach of independent, unentangled co-operation rather than active partnership. The policy was adopted, therefore, on a basis of narrow economic self-interest rather than any broad idealism. It was only after Macmillan himself moved to Downing Street that the pattern of the European Free Trade Area as the forerunner of a new European policy and a new British relationship with Europe began to appear.

Macmillan may be a romantic, but he is also an astute and practical politician. He therefore made his idealism palatable with strong draughts of political expediency in order to win support at the outset. Once he had persuaded the Eden cabinet, his next task was to persuade the Conservative Party—empire-minded, isolationist, narrow in outlook, and traditionalist.

To win the essential support of the Conservative Party—which he achieved with remarkable success, for not a single opposing vote was cast after a speech at the party's annual conference in October, 1956—Macmillan made one grandiose and simple pledge: Agricultural products would be excluded from agreements about the Free Trade Area.

The fundamental difference between the six-nation Common Market in Europe and the wider Free Trade Area proposed by Britain lies



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in the fact that the Common Market will have a common "outer tariff wall" while the Free Trade Area would not. Commerce within both systems would eventually be freed of tariffs, but imports coming into the Free Trade Area from outside would continue to be subject to national tariff policies.

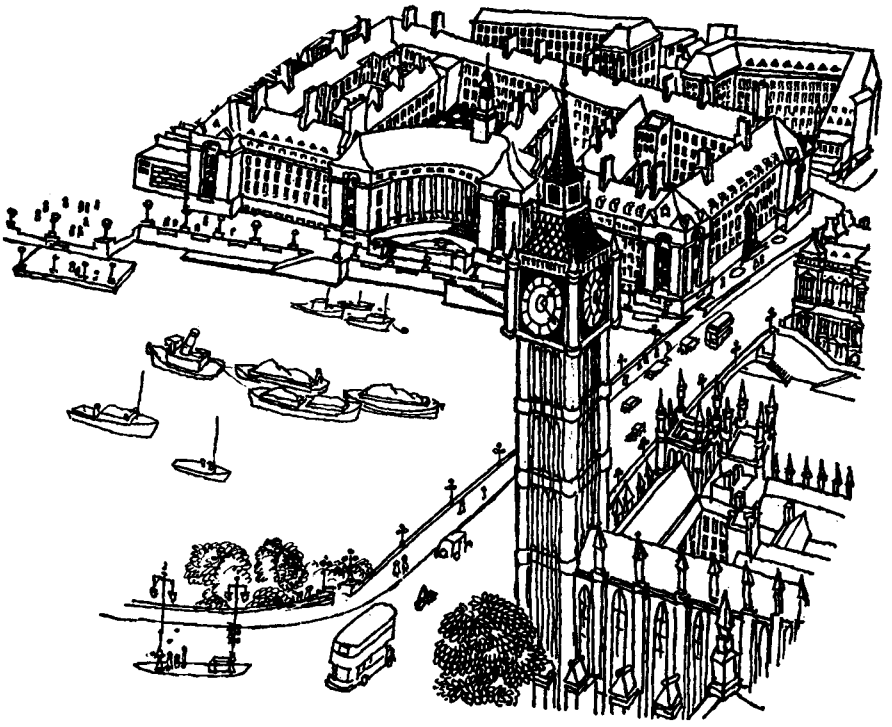
In excluding agricultural products from the Free Trade Area plan, the British are seeking to maintain their preferential arrangements with the Commonwealth and also to protect their own heavily subsidized agriculture. Politically, the move seemed necessary to convince the Conservative Party that this was not such a big step after all—merely a maneuver that would open up new markets for British manufactured goods without really giving up much of consequence in return. The move worked all right at home, but it also served to undermine Europe's belief in the sincerity of Britain's intentions.

Mr. Lloyd's 'Grand Design'

At this point the British threw out another smoke screen for themselves. Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, standing amid the wreckage of the Suez policy, suddenly produced what he somewhat fatuously labeled a "Grand Design" for Europe. One consequence of the Suez affair was to give impetus to unity in a Europe shocked by the way the United States voted with Russia in the United Nations during the crisis, and Mr. Lloyd tried to capitalize on this situation. But his Grand Design had very little substance, and it was put forward without much real study or thought and with no preliminary diplomatic canvassing. In the end it was quietly forgotten. Stated simply, it was merely a proposal to merge all of the various European institutions into one common organization, with a common assembly and secretariat and with headquarters in Paris.

Here again was an example of the old British obtuseness about European affairs. Some of Europe's institutions are already quasi-federal and supranational in concept and authority. The European federalists therefore saw the Grand Design as just another British attempt to weaken that movement and divert its aim.

In addition, the Council of Europe at Strasbourg, though not a particularly vital part of European political life, was nevertheless founded to perform just that function of a common European assembly. But Britain all along has treated the whole Strasbourg idea as a nuisance and a bore, and has done everything to ignore it except boycott it completely. The British have never grasped the fact that there might be genuine appeal in the Strasbourg assembly for many a European parliamentarian. It is, after all, the only really active and regular international debating assembly in Europe, and it gives legislators from Oslo and Stockholm, from Athens and Rome, an opportunity to meet and talk with fellow Europeans each year on an entirely different plane and in an entirely different atmosphere and setting from any prevailing at home.



The British may have felt that by proposing to move everything to Paris they were throwing a sop to the French. But if there is to be a common assembly and secretariat for Europe, why should it not be in Strasbourg? The very fact that Strasbourg is not a national capital enhances its appeal to other European countries as a European center. And anyway, why raise the issue in the first place without sounding out other governments?

Moreover, Mr. Lloyd included in his Grand Design a suggestion that Canada and the United States also send delegates to the European assembly. A good many Europeans consider this idea unnecessary, unwarranted, and unwanted. They prefer the prospect of debating European affairs on their own, with growing vigor and authority and with no diversion from overseas.

MEANWHILE, although of course this is not part of the public record of events surrounding the development of the Free Trade Area policy, in the early months of 1957 the Foreign Office persuaded itself that the Common Market treaty was running into trouble and that in any case it would be far easier and far better for Europe if the Free Trade Area could be negotiated and launched before a Common Market treaty "froze" things on the Continent.

There then began an undercover diplomatic campaign in that direction, which promptly aroused a suspicion amounting almost to a conviction on the Continent that the British were out only to spike the Common Market and that the whole Free Trade Area was nothing but a camouflaged attempt to subvert another European advance toward unity.

The American embassy in London was asked urgently at about this time to report on Britain's true mo-

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tives in the Free Trade Area plan. Did the British mean business or sabotage? Things came to a head in Paris at the spring meeting of the ministers of the OEEC countries, at which the British wanted an immediate start on free-trade negotiations but were told firmly by the six Continental countries to stop muddying the waters and wait until the essential parliamentary ratifications of the Common Market treaty had passed.

Then, in order to obtain ratification from his National Assembly, French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau laid down an open and direct challenge to British policy. Presenting the Common Market treaty to the Assembly, he pledged that there would be no French participation in the wider Free Trade Area as proposed by Britain unless agricultural products were included along with manufactured goods. No doubt he had an eye on the French wine industry and its Assembly votes—but he was also cagily taking advantage of the difficulty Britain had created for itself by insisting in advance of negotiations that agriculture be left out.

There'll Be No Red Carpet

By now, however, Macmillan was prime minister and had passed through the first difficult months of liquidating much of the past he had inherited from Eden. He could begin to look ahead. As a first step in getting the Free Trade Area policy back on the rails, the British invited in succession a number of Continental trade and finance ministers to come to London for frank and full exchanges on the problems. Thus, for the first time, the Norwegians, Danes, Dutch, Italians, and even the French were able to sit down and thrash out with the British exactly what their policy and intentions came to, and to dispel the suspicions and problems that had grown up.

But soon Britain would be faced with the necessity for making complex economic decisions to back up the diplomatic, political, and public-relations operations of the new policy. Obviously, very careful preparation was required if the troubles the British had strewn in their own path were not to be repeated.

On August 7 Macmillan met this situation by appointing Reginald Maudling, who holds the non-administrative post of paymaster general in the government, to "undertake the task of supervising and co-ordinating the government's preparations for discussions and negotiations of a European Free Trade Area and act as the government's representative in them."

Maudling had previously served in the government as the economic secretary to the treasury and as minister of supply, in charge of military procurement and the atomic program. He is thoroughly grounded in economics and government. More than that, he is one of the younger men of the government—an imaginative, friendly extrovert, admirably suited to the job of pulling together the diverse problems of politics, psychology, diplomacy, and economics and setting the British policy line along a clearly defined, positive path.

In preparing for the negotiations with other countries, Maudling has been able to draw upon an interdepartmental staff of foreign office, treasury, and board of trade officials. Both Maudling and Chancellor of the Exchequer Peter Thorneycroft, chairman of the OEEC at the October meetings, are fully aware that no one is going to roll out a red carpet to let Britain enter Europe on its own terms.

The preliminary negotiations have already made it perfectly clear that more suspicion than hope has so far been raised by British espousal and handling of the new policy, that Britain's economic bargaining position is not as strong as the Conservative Party would like to believe, that a little more idealism and a little less self-interest will serve Britain's cause better in the long run, and that much hard technical negotiation remains to be done.

Two Problems and One Master

Two general problems remain to be solved. One is the "agricultural exception," on which there is perhaps more room for understanding and compromise than the extreme political positions may indicate.

For one thing, European agricultural exports to Britain—either potential or actual—do not form too great a portion of Britain's total needs. Moreover, British consumption is rising steadily, so that lifting tariffs on a modest portion of agricultural trade, perhaps on a basis of quota assignments to the Free Trade Area, need not in the long run have too much effect on the Commonwealth preferential trade. In any case, under the Common Market treaty the six Continental countries have all accepted the principle of agricultural protectionism in one form or another to keep their farmers happy. In essence they have agreed to shift their own harvests around on a quota basis rather than on a free-trade basis.

There is, therefore, some basis for an agreement to cover agriculture, and many voices in Britain are being raised to declare that it would be unrealistic and foolish to expect to make a deal with Europe without one.

The second fundamental problem lies in the opposing concepts of how an economic treaty ought to be written—a British concept, generally speaking, against a French one. The French like to write a sweeping document of broad commitments and then append a vast and detailed series of exceptions and loopholes. The British prefer to draw up their obligations precisely with as few exceptions as possible.

But overriding these essentially technical negotiating problems —which could take many months to work out—is one factor that almost certainly ensures some measure of success even now. That is the political momentum behind the British policy. Prime Minister Macmillan, no longer Sir Anthony Eden's lieutenant, is now master of policy in his own house, and he has broadened the approach from mere self-interest to positive acceptance of the fact that Britain's economic and political future inevitably lies more and more with Europe.

If his administration is to wipe out the stain of the Suez affair and win the confidence of the voters for the Conservative Party at the next general election, it badly needs some success on a grand scale in foreign affairs. A new European policy may provide just that opportunity.

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Mr. Thorneycroft And the Sterling Crisis

GRAHAM HUTTON

LONDON

SEPTEMBER is an ominous month for the British in money matters. The pound was first devalued in that month back in 1931, and after war broke out in September, 1939, a second *de facto* devaluation quickly followed. The sterling crises of 1947-1949 and 1951 both reached their climaxes in September.

And last month out of a gray Michaelmas sky the bank rate rose to seven per cent for the first time since 1920. Along with this have come a government short-term borrowing rate of almost six per cent, a mortgage rate of possibly seven per cent, a government decree that the total supply of money and bank credit shall not exceed its average level for the past year, and another decree that neither the vast state capital programs (for housing, atomic energy, railroads, power, highways, coal mines, telecommunications, and airlines) nor those of private enterprise shall be permitted to exceed their recent levels. At the International Monetary Fund meeting in Washington a few weeks ago, Chancellor of the Exchequer Peter Thorneycroft spoke in tones that have not been heard since inflation began in 1939.

Mr. Thorneycroft is of course well aware that the purchasing power of the pound sterling is determined not only by the economic and social policies of Britain but also by what sovereign Commonwealth members do, or fail to do, in places as far from London as New Delhi, Sydney, Johannesburg, Singapore, Accra, Wellington, Karachi, and Colombo. More than a third of all trade crossing all national frontiers is financed by sterling, making it the most widely used currency in the world. The sterling area is not run from London: London merely banks the central gold and dollar reserves and maintains current balances in sterling on which all sovereign members may draw. The fact that these nations can at best only be influenced and advised by London may explain in part the current sterling crisis.

BRITAIN itself has for many years enjoyed a favorable balance of payments with the rest of the world. Indeed, despite Suez and its aftermath, Mr. Thorneycroft was able to announce in Washington last month that in the year ended June 30, 1957, Britain earned a surplus from the rest of the world of about two hundred million pounds sterling. If the pound is distrusted abroad, as it certainly has been during the past six months, it is not because of Britain's balance of payments.

There are various other reasons, however. One is that the pound has recently been coming under pressure from a piling up of simultaneous deficits, both on current trading and on capital accounts, in many other countries beside Britain. If contributions from Australia's rich wool clips and from Britain's export surplus are swamped by still bigger deficits contracted by India and others, nothing—not even a halt to Britain's domestic inflation—can ultimately save sterling.

Naturally, however, as Mr. Thorneycroft has made quite clear, the domestic inflation cannot be ignored. Another important reason why sterling has come to be distrusted is that the purchasing power of the British pound for manufacturers serving capital programs abroad has been falling remorselessly for seventeen years now. Further, both Labour and Tory governments have been reluctant during the dozen postwar years to face up to trade unions, especially in the newly nationalized state industries, or to save sterling at the cost of full employment. Because of this attitude, "insiders" began to sell sterling and to buy the West German mark.

But the speculators ignored the fact that monetary problems have international as well as national aspects. As German trade unions push wages up, as new defense and other expenditures rise, and as Germany takes its place as a European and world lender, there is no need for the mark to be revalued upward. By the same token, as a desperate British Tory government is faced with defeat at the polls within two and a half years and proceeds to do what ought to have been done one, two, or three years ago, there is no need for the pound to be revalued downward. Suppose, for instance, Mr. Nehru finds capital in Germany instead of in the United States or the United Kingdom, that Germany bails out France in the Sahara, that the European Common Market really gets going in 1958 with not only British but also Commonwealth and sterling-area support,

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and that the International Monetary Fund, following Managing Director Per Jacobsson's advice, quickly calls up enough new contributions to match the nearly doubled value of world trade in the past decade. Suppose in these and other ways international liquidity supplants the present non-liquidity. A further spurt in world trade could swiftly turn world commodity prices upward again, and many of the economic troubles of Europe and the sterling area would disappear. India, for instance, might use the increased profits from sales of its raw materials to finance more of its own internal capital investments, thus relieving some of the external pressures on Britain's currency.

A Bid for Flexibility

Meanwhile, the Tory government in Britain has a more immediate choice to face: It can back down, which is unthinkable now because such a step would certainly spell swift devaluation, inflation, physical controls, and socialism without socialists; or it can carry through the first anti-inflationary policy in seventeen years. In my opinion the Conservatives, especially after Mr. Thorneycroft's Washington statement, have no choice but to fight it out.

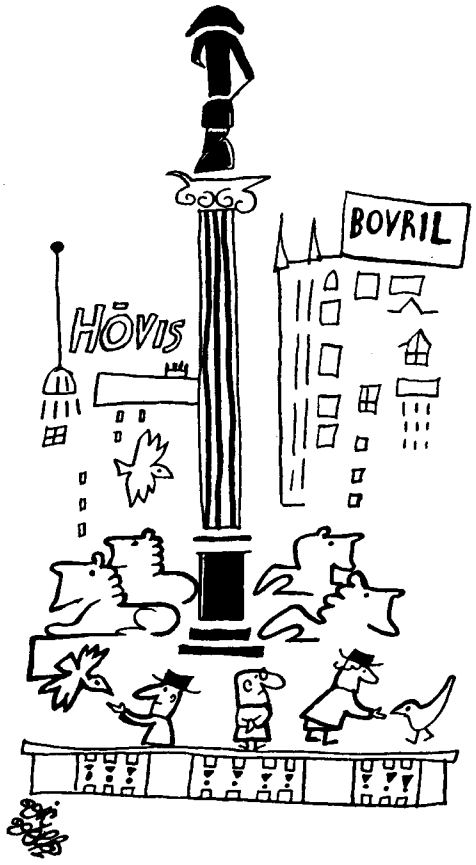
The bank rate of seven per cent and all that goes with it is not a policy; it is a method of carrying out policy. The policy itself is to stop short-term borrowing to cover government deficits, both current and capital. These persistent government short-term borrowings have automatically formed the basis for the credit commercial banks grant. Hence, the more the state carries deficits covered by short-term borrowings, the more money is pumped out. It allows both the state and private employers to cover any wage pushes in a continuous era of full employment, which is itself the result of the state and other employers overstraining the country's resources to meet too ambitious programs.

All that is now to be brought to a halt, partly by new and prohibitively high interest rates but more by the government's declared policy of limiting the flow of money to that of the average for the past year and by limiting all capital programs. These limitations spell new restraints "at the margin"—limitations, that is, in one firm or industry, here or there, up and down the land. Some capital projects will be cut back, some jobs not undertaken, some men not hired, some wage pushes denied, some expected profits not realized, some working capital exhausted, and so on.

Conservatives prefer this process to the only alternative offered by the Socialists: physical controls by the government over everything from imports to raw material and fuel supplies, from manpower to food rationing. The Labour plan seems likely to take Britain back to licenses, certificates, and other paper work dear to bureaucrats. Both policies aim to make Britons live in coats cut according to the country's cloth. But the belated Tory method still permits swing and action. Physical controls would act as a strait jacket. Retrenchment and reform are certainly needed in Britain, but they are more likely to work under a system that has some flexibility.

The Labor Riddle

The big question ahead concerns the attitude that trade unions and employers will take.



Americans can have little comprehension of what a seven per cent interest rate means to British businessmen and trade-unionists. People here speak of the possibility of there being "millions" of unemployed again as Americans might talk of a return to the apple selling of 1932. In no year since 1939 in Britain has there been an average figure of unemployment above two per cent, and for the ten postwar years it has been below 1.5 per cent. In the United States the average unemployment level over the last five years has been about three to four per cent.

The unions have lost no time in declaring that nothing will block their new wage demands. This seems mostly for the record. For the past seventeen years they haven't had to push very hard. Employers have had the wherewithal guaranteed ahead of time to make both profits and higher wages possible. But all that has ended. "Even if there are wage increases," said Chancellor Thorneycroft in Washington, "the supply of money will not be allowed to rise." This can mean only one of two things: Either there will be head-on clashes between employers and unions, or else agreements will be reached, probably off the record, to make the best of the changed position facing each.

The political implications must not be overlooked. In such a changed industrial position not only do unions tend toward splits and divisions among themselves; they may also have to offer different counsel to the Labour Party, which is four-fifths financed by them. If all unions turn militant, the ensuing struggle could be an ugly one. Nevertheless a Tory government at bay will probably stand its ground, and it must be remembered that the mass of the British people, including trade-unionists' families, detest extremes and extremists. They always back the forces of law and order in a crisis, and in the final analysis would probably support the government.

Thus the Conservatives' policy seems firm enough. How long it will take to work out is another question. Few think it can be done before the budget next April. This is going to be a difficult winter for Britain.

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The Ballot Box And the Grocery List

JOHN G. WOFFORD

TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA

"WE JUST lost our heads, that's all," said the white storekeeper. "And our dollars and our good race relations both went out the window."

An observer might well question whether relations between the two thousand or so whites and approximately 4,700 Negroes in this city had ever really been "good." But no one in Tuskegee denies that the recent gerrymander of the city boundaries—excluding all but a handful of Negro voters from city elections—has cut deeply into the cash that four months ago was flowing to the white businesses from Tuskegee's Negroes. Many—both white and Negro—admit that although the numerical fact of a potential Negro voting majority had to be faced some day, giving in to racial emotionalism was the certain way to get only one thing: trouble.

And trouble is what Tuskegee got. The six hundred white voters feared that by the next election the Negro voters would outnumber them, and decided that the only solution was to redraw the rectangular boundaries of the city so as to exclude all but ten of the present 420 Negro voters. Sam Engelhardt, executive secretary of the pro-segregation Alabama Association of Citizens' Councils and state senator from Macon County (of which Tuskegee is the county seat), took the plan to the Alabama legislature. The legislature unanimously passed the gerrymander bill in late June, and Governor James Folsom let the law creating a twenty-six-sided city go into effect on July 13 without his signature.

Many of the Negroes who were disfranchised in this way work either at famed Tuskegee Institute or at the nearby Veterans Administration hospital staffed by Negroes. These educated people found themselves the center of a spontaneous and nearly unanimous protest against the loss of a city ballot. The protest took the form of a refusal by virtually all Tuskegee Negroes and a large part of the rural Negroes from surrounding Macon County to patronize any white merchants in the town of Tuskegee: "If they don't want our votes, they won't get our dollars." Most proceeded to do their purchasing either at the few local Negro stores or at white stores in towns twenty to fifty miles away.

This turn of affairs was catastrophic for the white merchants, most of whom have small family-owned enterprises that cater—or did until this summer—to a large Negro clientele. The movie house, a marginal affair anyway, was forced to close down after one week; two other businesses left town soon after, and another half dozen or so are reportedly looking for new locations. Most merchants lost between seventy-five and ninety per cent of their sales immediately, and despite efforts to lure Negro shoppers back, the situation remains substantially unchanged.

By the end of July, the State of Alabama entered the fray when its attorney general led three surprise raids upon the offices of the Tuskegee Civic Association—the Negro organization that has taken on the leadership of what the Negroes call a "protest" and a "crusade for citizenship," and what the whites call a "boycott." The attorney general's office has obtained an injunction against the Civic Association to cease its boycott, but since the Civic Association has denied all along that it is telling people where to do their shopping, the injunction has had little effect.

Tuskegee's white political leaders apparently felt that they had done only half the job of assuring the continuance of white rule, so they pushed ahead with another, larger gerrymander that would eliminate Macon County by dividing it among five surrounding counties. This measure was recently shelved—temporarily—by the lower house of the state legislature so that details can be worked out before the next session.

Macon County is eighty-five per cent Negro—the highest proportion anywhere in Alabama. The white voters, of course, now cast a large majority of votes there—about seventy per cent, in fact. But they realize that the new Federal voting-rights law has put the spotlight upon any further attempts to prevent Negroes from registering and voting. A new formula is needed and the city gerrymander has provided the model. The situation that has arisen in Tuskegee gives a preliminary outline of the voting problem that will inevitably arise in the many parts of the rural South where Negroes outnumber whites. If gerrymandering works in Tuskegee, it may well be tried in other Southern towns. Tuskegee is unique only as the first attempt to combine, permanently, white political rule with Black Belt population statistics.

Town and Gown

The heart of white Tuskegee has always been its town square, bordered on one side by the main Atlanta-Montgomery highway, on another by the dingy yellow courthouse of Macon County. Facing toward the square—and on several side streets leading away from it—are the

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sixty or so family businesses that constitute the nonagricultural economic life of this sleepy Black Belt town. In the center of that square is a granite reminder of the past: a tall, slender column erected to the glory of the Confederate soldiers of Macon County who died in the War Between the States. "Honor the Brave—Deo Vindice—1861-65."

'Separate but Superior'

Away from the square, out along a broad, shady avenue, are Tuskegee Institute and the nearby Veterans Administration hospital. Until this summer both were objects of great local pride. They were also the source of substantial local profit. The Institute has a student body of about two thousand and a staff of close to five hundred. The hospital has a staff of fifteen hundred. The combined annual payroll of the two institutions totals nearly $7 million. A large part of this payroll was spent by the Negroes on the construction of substantial middle-class homes—the kind that indicate by their good-sized lawns and attractive stonework that the owner is a solid citizen with a solid bank account. But not all of the payroll went into homes; a large sum, possibly as much as $75,000 each week, was spent "in town" and accounted for a good part of the prosperity of the white merchants. The merchants, in short, had to have the dollars of these well-to-do Negroes or else face drastic cutbacks in their businesses.

This split between town and gown is not, however, the only reason for Tuskegee's divided loyalties. Equally threatening to white rule and equally vital to white prosperity is the existence of another Negro community, unconnected either with Tuskegee Institute or with the veterans' hospital. These are the "country niggers," the rural farmers who are the backbone of Macon County's cotton economy. Some are sharecroppers, some simply tenant farmers, and still others own their own land. But all, in one way or another, are dependent upon credit. And in Macon County credit usually comes from Tuskegee's white merchants.

This situation required the whites to maintain a delicate balance between their emotional ties to the Southern way of life and their economic dependence upon both Negro communities. It was this balance that flew apart in June.

"This thing was inevitable," one white merchant, a member of the city council, told me. "Now don't get me wrong—we like the niggers. We've done business with 'em for years. But frankly, this was a matter of self-preservation, of survival. We couldn't have stayed around here if more and more nigger registration had taken place. Would you want to live in a nigger town? No, sir!"

The deeply held fear of living in a "nigger town" caused an action

that has only one purpose: to disfranchise the Negroes and maintain white political domination.

Tuskegee's whites are quick to support their action with all the standard Southern doubts about Negroes as potential citizens. They speak of the Negroes' "lack of education" and their "immorality." But a little fancy stepping is required to apply this traditional claim of ignorance and irresponsibility to the Negroes in Tuskegee. On two adjoining gerrymandered streets live a university president and vice-president, a librarian, at least six professors, three deans, the director of the Carver Foundation in scientific research, and several other university officials. The fact that most Tuskegee Negroes have more years of education behind them than most Tuskegee whites leads the latter into some verbal gymnastics.

"There's nothin' worse than a half-educated nigger," one merchant declared with vehemence. "When they're not educated at all, they're fine. And when they're really fully educated, they know how things stand and know what their proper position is. But half-educated niggers like these fellows at the Institute—they're the worst because you can't handle them. They've got the book learnin', but they don't seem to have intelligence."

It is almost as if the whites sense that the real situation is the reverse of their theory: "Separate but superior" might be the best label for Tuskegee's Negroes.

THE REAL FEAR of the whites was that the Negroes were in the process of converting their educational superiority into political supremacy. The evidence for this white fear is Negro bloc voting.

The Negroes do not deny that they tend to bloc-vote on most issues and most candidates. Charles G. Gomillion, leader of the Negro protest and dean of students at Tuskegee Institute, put it frankly: "As long as they treat us as a bloc, we'll vote as a bloc."

Gomillion is president of the Tuskegee Civic Association, an organization that began in its present form in 1935 as a group devoted to the educational, economic, and political improvement of the area—and particularly of the Negroes of the area. The association is the particular target of white accusations of bloc voting because for years it has been the force behind increasing the number of registered Negroes.

The Reluctant Registrars

Statistics tell the dramatic story of this Negro drive for registration. In 1948 there were about 130 Negro voters in Macon County to 2,400 whites. Nine years later the number of Negro voters had increased nine times: There are now 1,100 Negro voters and 2,800 whites. The present

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Macon County population division is 28,000 Negroes and 4,671 whites. The latter see only the ultimate logic: Negro majorities mean Negro domination.

Figures of increased Negro registration do not, however, tell the full story of the struggle over each new Negro applicant. The first barrier was the requirement that each new applicant secure two white voters who would vouch for his residence and good standing in the community. This system led individual Negroes to exert pressure, frequently by small-scale boycotts, against their white merchants until the merchants agreed to act as sponsors. By 1945, white sponsorship was completely discarded, and any registered Negro could from then on vouch for two applicants each year.

The poll tax was the next major obstacle, but its harmful effects have been largely negated. A previous poll-tax maximum of thirty-six dollars ($1.50 minimum plus $1.50 for every year between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five that the applicant had left his tax unpaid, even if he was not a registered voter during those years) has been replaced by a more reasonable maximum of three dollars.

More subtle ways of keeping Negroes from registering have replaced the poll tax and white sponsorship. For one thing, the county board of registration can reject an applicant without furnishing a reason. In 1951, 161 Negroes applied to register; only twenty-three received their certificates. It was a similar story in other years. In 1954, 456 Negroes applied; 167 were registered.

Only by going to court thirty days after applying for registration can an applicant find out why he has not received his voting certificate. Sometimes the board of registrars even goes into hiding. On one occasion Negroes who wanted to apply for registration could not discover where the board was meeting.

These discouragements were not enough to prevent the Negro voting lists from expanding. So on January 17, 1956, the board adopted a more drastic procedure: It ceased to function. For seventeen months, until June of this year, the board simply went out of existence. Legally, the three-man board must have at least

two active members, and death and well-timed resignations prevented the board from having more than one member during that time.

It is this period, perhaps more than any other single factor, that accounts for the increased determination on the part of Macon County Negroes. Protests were filed with the governor and other state officials, but to no avail. When the board finally began receiving applications again, the Negroes had decided that the voting ratio had to change.

This long and grim struggle for the right to vote accounts directly for the immediate and vigorous protest waged by the Negroes over the Tuskegee gerrymander and the possible carving up of Macon County. As Dr. T. T. Tildon, director of the Veterans Administration hospital, told me: "We were suddenly, efficiently, and permanently deprived of a vote that we had been struggling for years to attain. I think that what happened on our part is directly attributable to the shock."

There are a few merchants in Tuskegee who believe that disfranchisement and the Negro protest need never have taken place. With wisdom and caution, they say, some kind of compromise could have been found.

"The merchants were not consulted on the gerrymander," one told me, voicing a common complaint in Tuskegee. "I wish we could have talked this thing over first. For example, why couldn't we have zoned the city in some way so that the nigras could have elected one member of the city council?" This zoning proposal has some support from Tuskegee whites.

Perhaps a dozen merchants who are basically moderate on the race question and who believe their cash register is more important than their racial theories expressed sympathy with the Negro protest when I spoke to them. "If I'd been a nigra and told I wasn't wanted, I'd have been mighty sore, I know that," one of them declared.

The gerrymander was as much a surprise to them as it was to the Negroes. But any public stand would have cut off the moderates from the white community. Tuskegee's moderates, like other moderates throughout the Deep South, find themselves a small, unorganized minority without either a program or a public platform.

ALTHOUGH there has been virtually no violence in Tuskegee since the protest began in June, the threat of violence is a very real one. For the first time in many years, signs are appearing on trees urging Macon County residents to join the Klan. And a few Negroes are said to have threatened other Negroes who consider making purchases in the white stores.

Most whites in Tuskegee blame the Negroes for this tension, and offer only bitterness as a response to the Negro protest. "The white people in this town used to bend over backwards to help the nigger," one store manager told me. "But they've lost their friends now. It'll be twenty-five years before they get back to where they were in June before they started all the trouble."

The Chamber of Commerce has been in charge of the merchants' efforts to get back on their feet. The

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best gimmick so far has been the city-wide sales held since early August. Called "Shopportunity Days," these extensive sales are largely an effort to lure back the "country niggers" with appealing bargains. In addition, the whites have made an intensive effort to assure rural Negroes that they will be protected from any retaliation by the Negroes fostering the boycott. But despite public statements to the contrary, these sales have not helped very much.

The fact that most Negroes are not going to be easily lured back to the white stores is a shock to most whites. They now realize that this is the most ominous product of their hurried gerrymander: They are facing a new, aroused, and united Negro community.

'Freedom to Spend . . .'

The drama of the new Negro push for full citizenship unfolds at the weekly mass meetings of the Tuskegee Civic Association. From all over Macon County the Negroes pour in—by car, in wagons, on foot. Some arrive in the late afternoon to get seats in the church (the meetings have been moved from church to church to give each Negro minister and congregation a stake in the protest), and by seven o'clock there are several hundred persons fanning themselves in the hot little church and another two thousand or twenty-five hundred covering the parking lot and hillside to hear the proceedings over a public-address system.

The meeting takes the form of a worship service. One I attended began with a hymn, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." Then the 37th Psalm: The meek shall inherit the earth.

The Reverend T. R. Newman, presiding elder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of a nearby town and one of the leading Negro Republican organizers for Macon County, made the financial appeal. He spoke of the proposed distribution of Macon County residents to the five surrounding counties. "Where are we in Macon County? When we think for a minute that we are here tonight, we know that somewhere we've made a mistake. We've elected representatives, but they're either too sick or too tired or too small for the job—because the job isn't getting done. Well, I think the answer is that they're too small for the job."

Around went the collection plate amid great cheers, hearty laughter, and warm enthusiasm.

Dean Gomillion took the stage. "Economic democracy," he began somewhat professorially, "implies equal access to employment, equal pay for equal work, equal opportunity to advance on the job. And that does not exist—in Macon County or in Alabama. It also means freedom to invest, and freedom to spend one's money as he chooses." Loud cheers and "Amens" interrupted him.

Another speaker came to talk about the real trouble spot in the Negro's economic position—credit. He represented the Tuskegee Institute Federal Credit Union, a co-operative credit organization which attempts, as he explained it, to promote thrift through systematic savings and to help its members through loans.

"Now in contrast to this," he continued, "I hear that some of us are cheated by the loan shark." Nodding heads and rapidly moving fans greeted this reference to the bane of the Negroes' existence. "We will not control our own souls until we get away from the loan sharks. We can't go up and waste our money at the beer halls and then come and ask to borrow money for a sick child, or say, 'The nerve of that grocer—he wants me to pay him!' What I want to know is: When are we going to become men? When will we grow up?"

The three-hour mass meeting concluded with a spiritual, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," and the benediction. And then back went the Tuskegee Negroes to their comfortable middle-class homes, and the rural Negroes to their Black Belt farmhouses. In the eyes of both the leaders and the led, there was a new courage and a new determination to grow up.

'We Is Through Hidin'!'

The alliance between the educated Negroes of Tuskegee and the semi-literate Negroes of the county is the most important new factor in Macon County race relations. Undoubtedly there has been strong pressure upon any rural Negro who considered trading at white stores in Tuskegee, but a great number of them have participated fervently in the boycott.

One reason is that the fight for registration was just as hard for the rural Negroes as it was for the educated ones. Then, too, at the very time that the Tuskegee gerrymander went through, the whites began talking of carving up Macon County. The convergence of these two gerrymanders naturally drove the two Negro communities together. A third source of the new alliance is the example of the recent bus boycott in nearby Montgomery. The story of the power created by Montgomery's united Negroes is a familiar one throughout the county.

All these factors seem to have joined in June and July to create a radically new Negro attitude. It is an attitude that contains more than a determination to win on the immediate issue of the gerrymander. It is a sudden realization that the time has come to fight to the finish for full citizenship. As one old Negro farmer said to his wife as they sat listening to a speaker at the mass meeting: "We got the ball now, and we better keep it. 'Cause if we lose it this time, there ain't gonna be no use lookin' for any tall grass to hide in. We is through hidin'!"

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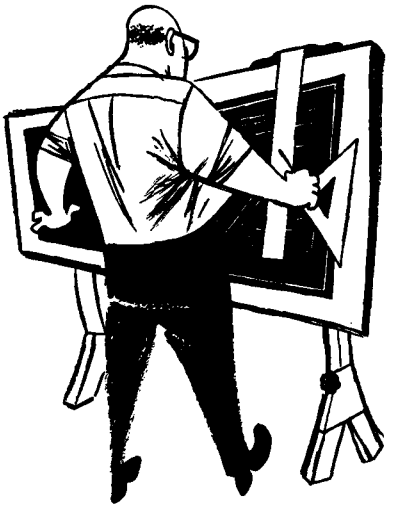
Detroit: How to Save A Great City from Itself



WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

ON A CLEAR DAY the approach to Detroit by air is scenically impressive but frustrating. Flying from New York, you come in via glittering Lake Erie across the wedge of Ontario that is dominated by Windsor, itself a suburb of the American city, and then pass over the narrow Detroit River, speckled with ore boats, to a jumble of skyscrapers followed by ten or fifteen miles of grids and splotches of suburbs. Finally, when you have flown further westward, leaving the towers and housing belts far out of sight behind, the plane banks for its descent into Willow Run Airport—from which it takes you a full hour to get back by highway to the city you have just passed over.

The position of Detroit's airport, in open country almost thirty miles from downtown, is one indication of what's wrong with the automobile capital of the world. For Detroit has become a classic instance of the American community whose least accessible point is its own center. Among the hundreds of thousands of Detroiters who have spread out across the surrounding countryside in the wake of industries as they relocate and of housing developers as they throw up ranch types, there may be doubt as to just where their own futures may lie, but there is a common conviction that it will not be in Detroit proper. The paradoxical result is that amid the greatest automotive upsurge in history, the Motor City must take drastic steps merely to survive. It has already taken several, and these are being widely regarded as examples for other great cities that are disintegrating under pressure of prosperity, leaving them with boom-time dry rot at the core.

In September I spent a week in Detroit, calling first upon the mayor, who had been represented to me as the very soul of Detroit's struggle to save itself.

The Honorable Albert E. Cobo, in his eleventh-floor office of the gleaming new City-County Building overlooking the river front, did not give me the impression of a visionary fed on the doctrines of Le Corbusier and Lewis Mumford. A burly, gravel-voiced veteran of practical politics, he had graduated to the mayoralty from beginnings as a small-time ice-cream merchant and a salesman of business machines. Yet during his eight years in office, avant-garde architects and planners ranging from Eliel and Eero Saarinen and Mies van der Rohe to Minoru Yamasaki, Ludwig Hilberseimer, and Victor Gruen had been brought into the city to replan whole areas and to work with city officials and private sponsors in developing projects of startling scope.

'What's Our Secret?'

Cobo seemed swept up by the magnitude of what had been launched. He bounced out of his chair and led me to a picture window to point out a panorama that he described with all the enthusiasm of a Renaissance builder-prince. "All you see here, along with the building you're standing in, is our new $100-million Civic Center, developed under my administration," he said with a possessive sweep of the hand.

Below, on some thirty acres of newly opened plaza sloping to the riverbank, where half a dozen years ago there stood only a jungle of rickety warehouses, wholesale depots, shanties, and docks, there rose the first of a spacious grouping of new public buildings. At one end, sited splendidly against a background of river steamers and the Canadian shore beyond, stood the marble-white and deep-blue Ford Auditorium, new home of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra: "I sold the Fords on backing this at lunch one day when I showed them what else we were doing." Next, to the south, lay a huge space cleared at the foot of Woodward Avenue, Detroit's Fifth Avenue: "Just yesterday I signed the order for building a great reflecting pool there." Beyond, an ornamental new $5-million Veterans' Building, containing meeting halls and office space for civic groups: "We got the whole community steamed up behind that one." Next, piles being driven for Detroit's fourteen-thousand-seat Convention Hall and Exhibition Building, designed to bring people back into the downtown area, with a six-lane expressway to pass underneath it and parking space for some two thousand cars on the roof.

"And that's only the beginning. Note how we've tied expressways into the plan, opening up the whole city to fast traffic. We've spent $200 million on that alone. We've just gotten Federal approval for clearing a seventy-five-acre tract for a new light-industry center. Have the boys show you our new Cultural Center and Medical Center projects on the model upstairs. We've earmarked fifty-five separate neighborhoods as 'rehabilitation areas' and are going in there to salvage them. All told, the program as far as I've carried it is costing nearly $700 million. And you know what?" He raised a stubby finger. "Our city indebtedness is no greater than it was back in 1950. What's our secret? Participation of all civic groups and interests. I've got 230 leaders representing every field on my Detroit Tomorrow Committee, and that guarantees us support."

The voice went on ebulliently with names, facts, figures on millage

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rates, costs per cubic foot, numbers of public-housing units constructed. Finally Mayor Cobo paused. "No, I wouldn't say city planning is politically popular, even so. You hurt some people when you force them to move or change. And the results often don't show until much later—maybe when you're already out."

The mayor smiled philosophically. Just six days later he himself was beyond further challenge, dead of a heart attack.

UPSTAIRS, looking out from higher windows over the city's sprawl to the inland west, you see the blight and chaos with which Detroit still has to contend. Beyond the immediate forest of business towers lies a vast surrounding belt of one- and two-family-house slums or near slums strewn across helter-skelter with factories, breweries, and warehouses, through which traffic moves in thick ribbons to three counties overhung with smoke. One tract, almost the size of a small town, has already been hacked out of the hovels near the core, and lies under several years' growth of ragweed like some vast improbable meadow almost in the shadow of the skyscrapers. "That's the 130-acre Gratiot redevelopment area," I was told by a city planning official. "Mies van der Rohe has designed a whole new $30-million community to go in there. Over there's his first building just going up. Now look at the model and see what we hope to come out with."

Under glass stands a thirty-foot mock-up of Detroit as it is finally to emerge under its master plan. It bears little resemblance to what one sees today. Broad spaces, orderly clusters, bold new shapes running across existing street patterns are the first attributes that strike the eye. You view a downtown area redesigned around the Civic Center, with new buildings set back from streets and Woodward Avenue converted into a pedestrian boulevard, the whole district encircled by partly sunken expressways. You see the Gratiot area (locally pronounced "Grass-shot") developed as a garden community within a great city, surrounding a twenty-seven acre park of its own. You see another ninety-acre business and living zone reclaimed from an area of flophouses. You see how the century-old shanty settlement of Corktown is made over into an almost idyllic light-industry center, while midtown Detroit's museums, libraries, and state-supported Wayne University are tied together in a cultural reservation where it will be possible to take a quiet walk in the heart of the city.

"And that isn't all," said the enthusiastic young planner. "You think

all this is a pretty tall order? Some people think we're not moving anywhere near fast or far enough."

The Anatomy of a City

Every city has its own anatomy, and Detroit's is that of the mushroom. Although it recently observed the 250th anniversary of the day Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac first landed his canoe on its marshy banks, it lacks the cohesion that history has given to some other American cities. Boston laid out its Common and Beacon Hill as symbols of civic unity and aspiration before erupting beyond them, and Philadelphia did the same with its Independence Square. Even late-coming San Francisco has had its picturesque slopes as civic anchors to expansion. But in Detroit little has been fixed except an industry whose very conditions of employment make Detroit a fluid, seasonal boom-and-bust town. The automotive industry created modern Detroit simply as its dormitory and workshop, attracted polygot millions to it, used it, and now threatens to abandon it.

Civic consciousness played little part in the lives of the masses of Irish, Germans, Poles, and Italians who flocked to Detroit in search of a Ford or Dodge or Packard pay check, and who settled there in islands of their own—any more than it played a part in the managements of Ford or Dodge or Packard themselves, or in the crowds of Negroes who also descended upon the city during the boom years of the Second World War and after, moving into the jerry-built housing vacated by their predecessors. Indeed, it is remarkable that any sense of civic responsibility at all should have been generated in so rootless and transient a community.

Looking ahead, a study by the Detroit area's Regional Planning Commission states that by 1970 the city may still have just about its present population of around two million, but that the surrounding areas in six counties will increase by more than one million—most of them drawn from Detroit. The majority of these will be skilled workers and white-collar families following in the wake of the auto industry, which is now deserting the city limits. The four- and five-story motor plants built near the Detroit River and its ore-boat basins in the 1920's are now obsolete, for high-speed automation demands vast, one-story assembly lines for which the city can provide no room. Many Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors units have pulled out altogether, and the city's Packard, Hudson, and old Lincoln plants have been shut down, leaving Detroit with possibly fifteen million square feet of vacant industrial property. Of all industry remaining in town, twenty-three per cent has signified its intention of moving out also. Yonder lie Michigan's open flatlands, now speckled with such developments as General Motors' eight-hundred-acre technical center and Chrysler's emerging rival establishment more than twice that size, each spawning shiny new worlds of split levels and supermarkets while a great city with possibly $10 billion in fixed investment deteriorates behind.

MEANWHILE, as whites move out, the influx of Negroes, chiefly from the South, has gone on at such a pace that Detroit's nonwhite population is now approaching half a

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million, or one quarter of the total—which would be a percentage record in the North. The Negro population of a thirty-eight-block sample east side neighborhood, chosen by the city's planners for a pilot project in rehabilitation, has risen from five per cent to almost fifty per cent within three years. This influx, largely dammed up within the city limits, has created racial tensions, a constant unemployment of about a hundred thousand, and a saturation of phenomenally backward old-time housing.

Not until 1911 did Detroit get around to writing a building code. As a result, of some hundred thousand dwellings built before that date, the great majority were thrown up in jammed rows without proper sanitation, air space, or even masonry foundations. Even today, more than fifty thousand children attend school in pre-1911 buildings, many of them firetraps with wooden halls and stairwells. Of the more than four hundred thousand housing units built in the city since 1911, most are one- and two-family houses turned out by speculative builders anxious to sell fast and get out from under. (In this fluctuating city, the apartment house is something almost unknown.) These middle-aged houses now form a dense, closed belt around the inner hub, and each year leaves them more run-down and cheerless. "Our up-and-coming young families are moving out a dozen or more miles away," I was told by Max Osnos, chief of the city chain of low-priced "Sams" department stores, "but the periphery of the city is only as strong as its center. And our center has been allowed to rot."

WHAT CAN a city do when it finds its patron industry and its middle class moving out, leaving it a relic of extremes? Detroit is trying to do two things: Restore enough amenities of city life to recapture some of the middle class, and diversify its economic bases so as to provide sustenance for every class. Both projects are difficult to accomplish once centrifugal motion has gathered force, and some of the realty interests are far from co-operative. Detroit has yet to make headway on its second aim and, despite the vigorous efforts of the late Mayor Cobo and his men, is only getting a start on the first.

But urban deterioration offers at least one advantage. Once a city core has become as run-down as Detroit's, you can start to rebuild fairly cheaply. "We may now consider downtown Detroit as almost raw land," declares chief city planner Charles A. Blessing, a professional who was trained at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and hardened in slum-clearance operations in Chicago and Boston. And Victor Gruen, the city planner who was called in to help in laying out the Gratiot project, raised the hopes of downtown merchants when he remarked, "At least a hundred thousand householders will move into the boulevard area when it is rejuvenated. Their purchasing power will refinance the area." But, he warned, "We must reverse the trend of the population's move to the suburbs or face the destruction of the city's core."

The Gratiot Project

Although Detroit for almost a decade has had an official master plan that governs all transfers and developments of land, the word "Negro" nowhere appears in it. Yet it is the swarming Negro population and its hunt for living space that underlies much of Detroit's dilemma. Half a dozen years ago, when the huge Gratiot tract was condemned and cleared with Federal slum-clearance aid, some two

thousand Negro families living there were dispossessed and in effect dumped into the surrounding neighborhoods. Realty interests welcomed the clearance at public cost and wanted to move in and pick up parcels for private development, thereby forestalling the competition of public housing. It soon turned out that what the realtors had in mind was a new Negro area built on the site of the old—a scheme to which the city administration at first lent support in a desire to "contain" nonwhites.

But at this point some aroused planning officials and private citizens took the initiative and argued that this valuable tract must not be allowed to become again just another segregated, speculative slum. For two years a civic battle was fought over the Gratiot acres, while the empty tract itself became a municipal scandal, tenanted only by weeds and field mice.

FINALLY an elderly real-estate broker named Walter J. Gessel proposed that a nonprofit citizens' group be formed to take over the area from the city and attempt to develop it along not minimum standards but the highest. A *deus ex machina* appeared in the person of President Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers, who pledged $10,000 in the name of his union to get the project started. In the face of labor's example, banks, business houses, and all three major motor companies joined in, raising almost $500,000 as a pump-priming fund for the Gessel-Reuther board to apply.

The principles announced by this unique capital-labor combination were strict. First, the Gratiot area was to be built as an integrated community providing homes "for all economic groups" without regard to race. Second, it was to stress variety, comfort, and good design along with freedom from through-traffic hazards. Above all, it was to avoid the depressing appearance of a standard "project" development. Finally, private entrepreneurs whose bids were accepted to build according to these principles must agree to continuing surveillance by the citizen board.

A Chicago firm has contracted for the job of developing an initial fifty-seven acres, and has brought in Mies van der Rohe to design a cluster of twenty-two-story apartment towers intermixed with low-level family units in a pattern that will form a kind of suburban enclave. Some of Detroit's planners believe

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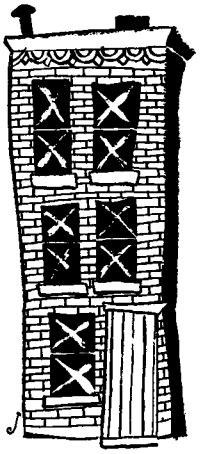
that the plan has become *too* suburban, and that by insisting on country virtues of greenery and traffic diversion you can also deprive people of simple city conveniences such as access to the corner delicatessen. The resulting prices, also, are not such as to invite "all economic groups," the median rent being $42 per room per month and the present purchase price of a two-bedroom house something like $24,000. "It doesn't look as if we'll have many Negroes or many families with children in here until we can get our prices down," I was told by James W. Bell, spokesman for the citizens' group for Gratiot, "but at least we've established these principles for 1957 city housing: excellence, openness to everybody, and initiative by private leaders not out to make a killing." The leading candidate for mayor of Detroit, Common Council President Louis G. Miriani, thinks this formula should be applied by the same Citizens' Redevelopment Corporation to other city areas.

Same Old Forgotten Man

But while a high ideal has been established in the Gratiot project, a huge practical problem remains. What is to be done for the great numbers of people who are eligible for neither Gratiot-type homes at the top nor public housing at the bottom? This in-between group includes the overwhelming majority of the city's Negroes. To meet their need, Detroit is preparing one of its most original—and controversial—approaches. The city has earmarked a whole third of its living area, containing more than five hundred thousand people, as marginal middle-aged neighborhoods—not yet so far gone in blight as to call for wholesale demolition but in urgent need of overhaul before they sink further. To rehabilitate them it has set up a Committee for Neighborhood Conservation and Improved Housing, made up jointly of city officials and spokesmen of religious and social-welfare groups, whose first object is to get householders themselves to take the lead in their own interest. My first reaction on coming to Detroit was that this looked like a do-gooders' palliative, and critics had warned that it was playing into the hands of slum owners simply anxious to hold on to what they had. Then I was given a demonstration of how the idea could be worked out in practical terms.

A ZONE of thirty-eight declining blocks in the eastern part of the city, today housing twelve thousand people, half white and half Negro, was picked as a pilot project. City teams went in to ring doorbells, call meetings, and get the inhabitants to state their needs and agree on proposing playgrounds here or closing off a cross street there, on having certain buildings torn down, and on making face-lifting block improvements on their own. In effect, city officials were needling the residents into demanding more aid from the city and into acting as its partner. A Neighborhood Council was set up to act as both a pipeline and a safety valve for grievances.

One evening I was taken to a council meeting at the neighborhood recreation center, called for the purpose of handing out prizes for greatest individual improvement in cleaning up yards, repainting houses, and planting new greenery during the past four months. Some three hundred householders attended, and it was noticeable that whites and Negro neighbors came in together. "At first the races came in separately to



these meetings," I was told by an ardent young sociology Ph.D. who had organized the project. "Now they come jointly, representing their mixed blocks. The more problems they have in these cramped areas, the more this outlet brings them together. City planning is a good deal more than just throwing up scads of new buildings and monuments," he added wryly. "It's getting people to live together and work together with what they have."

To refurbish this one zone alone is costing the city and the Federal government (under the latter's new neighborhood-aid program) more than $2 million, and Washington has now agreed to help two more comparable Detroit neighborhoods lift themselves by their bootstraps. All told, if the program extends over the fifty-odd other earmarked neighborhoods, it will involve an outlay of $75 million—the price the public must pay for years of private neglect.

It is still far from certain that even all these ambitious projects will be enough to salvage and renew Detroit. The very city-government structure itself, for all its current burst of energy, is obsolete as Detroit spills over inevitably into hundreds of square miles of surrounding counties and townships—and even into Canada. Some two hundred different local units of government in southeastern Michigan and across the river are now contending in one way or another with the currents set up by the erupting auto capital. The Regional Planning Commission, created with state help for the Detroit area, has drawn up a detailed "land-use plan" for the whole subregion. But its director, Paul M. Reid, has declared that in many instances the plan has simply been ignored; suburban and industrial developments have "leapfrogged into the cool green yonder," often without much regard to accessibility or to the mundane facts of water supply and drainage systems. Local supervisors in six surrounding counties have been meeting to try to solve urgent metropolitan problems that are now common to all of them.

IN THEIR frustration they have recently approached that haven of ultimate resort, the Ford Foundation, requesting funds for a major study to figure out just what should be done to bring Detroit's metropolitan structure up to date. "You can't separate inner city from surroundings," Mr. Reid told me. "Downtown civic centers are fine. Hold people together, if you can. But even when they settle out where the cows come home, it's still Detroit."

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'Don't Make Korea Another China'

CHARLES EDMUNDSON

Rhee

If JOHN B. HOLLISTER knows what he is talking about, the Republic of Korea should be the prime example of American success in dispensing foreign aid. Mr. Hollister, retiring as director of the International Cooperation Administration, has left as his parting gift a directive that foreign aid is to be used as much as possible to "encourage the development of private sectors of their [the recipients'] economies" and "normally not . . . to finance publicly owned industrial and extractive enterprises. . . ." In Korea the ICA has consistently favored private enterprise in parceling out U.S. aid funds and has also done its best to persuade the Korean government to sell to private investors the approximately $1 billion worth of property that was expropriated from the Japanese. Indeed, the ICA has gone to unusual lengths in its eagerness to encourage private initiative in Korea.

Until about five months ago, for example, there was a public lottery every few days in the city of Seoul, a lottery in which the winners often got the equivalent of several million dollars and the losers were always sure of getting their money back. In a drab office of the Korean Ministry of Finance, a few blocks down the street from the fire-gutted Capitol, a handful of officials and clerks and a score or two of hopeful ticket holders would gather to watch an office boy, his black eyes flashing with excitement, reach into a well-churned wicker basket and draw out the winning numbers. This unusual method of supporting private initiative was conducted under the joint auspices of the ICA and the Republic of Korea.

The prize in this grand raffle was the right to purchase a stated amount of a certain commodity—wool, newsprint, rayon yarn—that had been imported with U.S. aid funds. The lucky winner paid only the American wholesale price plus freight charges. Furthermore, when used to pay for aid goods the local currency was valued at the official rate of five hundred Korean hwan to the dollar, even though the real value of the dollar is closer to a thousand hwan. It's easy to see how the ICA's application of the free-enterprise system in Korea enabled a few fortunate entrepreneurs to turn a sizable and instantaneous profit with no risks to themselves whatsoever.

The only losers were the Korean people and the ICA. The money brought in by the sale of U.S. aid goods goes into Korean economic-recovery and defense funds. Because of the artificial exchange rate and the absence of competitive bidding, tens of millions of dollars were being diverted every year from the constructive purposes they might have served into nothing more than quick profits for lucky gamblers.

But the loss to the aid and defense funds was by no means the only loss. The businessmen of Korea were exerting their best efforts and tying up much of their venture capital in a game of chance. Frequently as much as one-seventh of the total Korean money in circulation was invested in the lottery. Peasant women in remote villages pooled their savings to get into the raffle, and there was an occasional suicide when a go-between made off with the money.

The LOTTERY system of disposing of aid goods was abolished in May, after a witness described it before the U.S. Senate Special Committee on Foreign Aid. Under the new system the goods go to the buyer who, in addition to paying the stated price, will buy the largest percentage of Republic of Korea bonds. (Only the very rich can win at this new game; peasant women can return to their fields undistracted by dreams of sudden wealth.) The exaggerated profits are still there for anyone who can get his hands on American aid goods, but the inflationary effect is removed, or at least postponed until the bonds are redeemed.

Other millions of dollars' worth of aid goods continue to be apportioned directly to particular manufacturers or processors—"end users" in the official jargon—and for these, too, the windfall profit is still there. The end user enjoys an immediate profit of up to a hundred per cent on the raw material as soon as he acquires it, and of course he adds the maximum possible markup onto the finished goods. Even though prevailing wages of about twenty-five dollars a month keep processing charges very low, retail prices in Korea are frequently three times what they are in the United States.

For example, the United States supplied Korea with $4 million worth of raw sugar during the last fiscal year. End-user allocations gave all of it to four sugar-refining plants. Three of these belong to the Che-Il Sugar Company, which also owns a large interest in the fourth. Che-Il's sugar doubles in value to $8 million as soon as it is received

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from the ICA. A one hundred per cent markup makes it "worth" $16 million by the time it reaches the consumer as refined sugar or candy. Somebody's making a lot of money, but there is a question how much actual benefit this American aid is providing for the people of Korea. It is this sort of thing that has created profiteers who can, and do, pay $10,000 or more for the cheapest new Ford, Chevrolet, or Plymouth—and then pay $1,500 more in import duties. Mr. Hollister's "private sectors" of the economy are certainly being encouraged.

Why shouldn't aid goods be auctioned off for whatever they will bring, with the whole proceeds going into the funds devoted to reconstruction and defense? One reason this course has not been adopted is that the auctions would be a continuing demonstration that the value of the hwan is not five hundred to the dollar but much less than that. President Syngman Rhee, who fought stubbornly against devaluating the hwan even to 500 to 1, bitterly opposes any procedure that would suggest it ought to be devalued still further. This is why the Koreans favored the lottery system in the first place. President Rhee cannot understand that in an economy of acute scarcity with rigidly limited imports there is bound to be a gulf between the official value of the hwan and its free-market rate, and that recognition of this fact would be no reflection on the honor of Korea.

Of course, if the ICA officials in Korea were to tell President Rhee that aid goods must be sold in such a way as to produce the maximum amount for reconstruction and defense, he would have to give in. But for a variety of reasons, the ICA has preferred not to force the issue.

Billions for What?

Since the Korean War ended four years ago, more than $1 billion of U.S. economic aid (and about twice that much military aid) has been allocated for the southern half of the Korean peninsula. In this period American aid to Korea has been greater than to any other country in the world.

There have been noteworthy accomplishments. The Japanese-built

railroad and telephone and telegraph systems have been restored. The textile industry is running full tilt—or would do so if there were enough orders. Three new steam power plants have been built to supply 100,000 kilowatts of electric power—a minor but important fraction of the power lost when the Communists reneged on their agreement to supply hydroelectric power from North Korea. A number of small prewar plants making diverse products have started up again. Business and institutional building is booming. Health and education facilities are being made available to more Koreans than ever before.

YET FUNDAMENTALLY the Korean economy is not sound, and the accomplishments are unimpressive compared with the amount of aid extended.

The rate of inflation for 1954, 1955, and 1956 respectively was fifty, twenty-five, and twenty per cent. Inflation in the first half of 1957 was eleven per cent on wholesale prices and nearly six per cent on the general price index.

There are those who think that this inflation is actually encouraged by a clique of wealthy Koreans who see in it a means of having industrial plants built for them under the terms of U.S. aid at a fraction of their real value. Inflation already has reduced the debt owed on plants bought three and a half years ago to less than forty-five per cent of the original loan. Representatives of some Korean companies privately admit that they have no intention of paying off their loans until inflation has reduced them to a negligible sum.

Last November Arthur I. Bloomfield, economist for the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, surveyed the Korean scene for the ICA. He reported that several millions of dollars and many billions of hwan had been lent indiscriminately on the basis of political recommendations and have never been repaid, even in part.

The Poor Get Poorer

President Rhee, now eighty-three, entertains somewhat grandiose ideas about industrialization, and this has led him to neglect the needs of agriculture. The plight of the sixty-five per cent of the population living on farms has grown increasingly worse since the departure of the Japanese. The Japanese-owned land was distributed among the Koreans, but the progressive Japanese system of fertilizer marketing and agricultural credit was not preserved.

Each year since the Korean War, the ICA has presented Korea with some $50 million worth of fertilizer. Last year a team of ICA consultants conducted a survey and published a sixty-two-page pamphlet telling what happens to the fertilizer.

The fertilizer is given to the Korean government, which sells it to Korean farmers for hwan, which are supposed to go into economic-aid and defense funds. The report reveals that less than thirteen per cent of the local currency owed these funds was actually paid in. Most of the other eighty-seven per cent went into political slush funds or was lost through graft.

Meanwhile, the Korean peasant paid for his fertilizer not the reasonable price agreed to by the American authorities and the Korean government of $3.72 per hundred-pound bag but an average of two or two and a half times that much. The tired Korean soil will not produce without fertilizer, but the farmers can't afford to improve their soil at such prices. Again, ICA officials in Korea could easily turn on enough pressure to help correct the situation, but apparently they have not felt that they would have the necessary support in Washington.

And so the Korean farmer's situation has become more and

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more desperate. In a dispatch from Seoul on May 11, the *Christian Science Monitor* reported:

"The Ministry of Health and Social Welfare has estimated that 3,500,000 farmers will be without food before the fall harvest because of crop failures. Many farmers are already existing on bark, grain husks and grass roots. Economic observers here soberly warn that there is a limit to the hardships a people can bear."

UNTIL RECENTLY the Korean National Assembly resisted American aid to set up a sound farm-credit system and to make a modest start toward farm co-operatives. Three times the ICA brought in John L. Cooper, the specialist who helped set up the excellent farm credit system of the Philippine Republic, and three times he went back to Manila from Seoul without having achieved any tangible results. Bills were introduced in the Assembly, only to be blocked by a powerful loan-shark lobby.

Late last spring, however, the resistance was finally overcome and legislation was passed under which the Ministry of Agriculture will lend the equivalent of $3,945,000 from local-currency aid funds to farmers. Loans will be made to enable farmers to hold their crops beyond the low-price period that always coincides with the Korean harvest. Other loans will be made for the purchase of tools, pesticides, and seed for green manure crops. Nearly $1.4 million will be used to help farm co-operatives get under way.

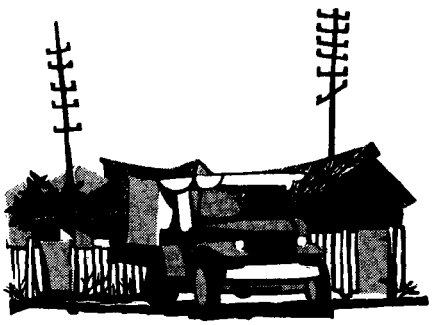
American surplus farm products, chiefly wheat and cotton, are being given to Korea at the rate of about $100 million worth a year. Rice or flour is set aside for free distribution to the extremely poor and the jobless. Until the fall of 1955, distribution was made by the U.S. Army's Korean Civil Assistance Command; then it was turned over to the Korean government. Although KCAC got an estimated eighty per cent of its supplies into the hands of the needy, the Korean government's score has been estimated by ICA officials at as low as fifty per cent.

Not all the complaints about how ICA funds are allocated or spent have come from the Americans. There have been objections (although by no means so many) from the Koreans. President Rhee has never been reluctant to complain about what he considers American errors.

The EBASCO Fiasco

A year and a half ago the ICA put strong pressure on the Koreans to accept a contract for supervisory engineering with the Electric Bond & Share Company and associated firms. The Koreans resisted. When Drew Pearson published a column charging that the contract, worth several million dollars, was being given to EBASCO and its associates as a sop for losing the Dixon-Yates power-plant contract at West Memphis, Arkansas, Korean resistance stiffened.

Representatives of EBASCO came to Korea to press for the contract. They emphasized the one per cent fee the group would get "for the development of authorized projects" –that is, explorations to decide what industrial projects were feasible. Herbert Harris, comptroller for the ICA in Korea and a former Army officer, interviewed the EBASCO representatives with a shorthand secretary present. Harris found that total fees for EBASCO on projects they supervised would actually be about 6.5 per cent and that a four per cent fee to some



other firm for "engineering design would come on top of that." One EBASCO representative told Harris that his firm would receive a sort of management fee of $7,700 (before taxes) for each $10,000-a-year man employed in carrying out its contract. A transcript of this conference leaked to the Koreans, and that was the last of EBASCO in Korea.

Wrangling over the EBASCO bid delayed critically needed engineering supervision on ICA work in Korea by nearly two years. The contract has now gone to a Detroit firm.

The Korean government and the ICA agreed, about three years ago, on the construction of a nitrogen fertilizer plant at Chungju, seventy-five miles southeast of Seoul, at an estimated cost of $21 million. The plant, begun in 1955, is now about half finished and the final cost, according to the Korean embassy in Washington and the ICA, will be not less than $35 million plus the equivalent of $5.5 million more in hwan.

This drastic increase was made possible by the form of the contract. This calls for the construction firm, the McGraw Hydro-Carbon Company, to be paid for the cost of building the plant—whatever that turns out to be—plus a fixed fee for its services. This experience has given the Koreans the same distaste that has been expressed by U.S. Congressional investigating committees for cost-plus-fixed-fee contracts. The Koreans have given the job of building a second fertilizer plant to a West German construction firm—at a specified sum.

Another China?

Why can't the ICA call a halt to the irregularities and corruption that dissipate so much of the U.S. aid money put up by American taxpayers? To begin with, the ICA in Korea is not its own master. The channel of authority runs not only to the State Department and the White House but also to the U.S. Army officer who bears the imposing title of United Nations Commander in Korea. (The ICA administrator in Korea, William E. Warne, is known as the United Nations Command Economic Coordinator for Korea.) This makes for divided authority. The Army has always opposed any action that might conceivably displease the leaders of Korea's army.

The State Department naturally opposes any action that would affront Korean sovereignty. The term "sovereignty" in the case of a nation headed by a chief executive as sensitive and self-willed as Syngman Rhee is easily stretched to include the right to tolerate the misuse of U.S. aid funds.

President Rhee, furthermore, is a shrewd propagandist with powerful

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friends in both houses of Congress and among key newspapers and news magazines. In failing to report many essential facts about the aid program in Korea, the American press must bear some of the blame for the situation as it now exists. For example, certain American newspapers and magazines whose reporters saw copies of the ICA report scoring irregularities in the distribution of fertilizer did not print the story.

On occasion the ICA in Korea has refused to go along with the Korean government on decisions involving mismanagement of projects, only to be overruled by Washington. One notable example was the location of the fertilizer plant at Chungju. This site was chosen under pressure from interested private parties even though there is poor access either to ocean ports or to coal mines from which fuel must come to operate the plant. Because Washington failed to support its ICA chief in Korea, a rail connection must now be built to the Hambaek coal fields. The bill for this little luxury will be $12 million.

THE WISE and honest control of aid funds is certainly difficult to achieve. But failure to achieve it is expensive indeed. It saps the morale of the Korean people and lessens the value of Korea as a military ally. If we learned anything from our experience with Chiang Kai-shek on the mainland of China, it must be that an army is no better than the civilian morale behind it.

Not long ago the *Korean Times*, the independent English-language newspaper in Seoul, reported the desertion rate in the Korean Army as ten per cent. Americans visiting Korea report that across highways leading into and out of ROK army camps there are banners pleading with soldiers not to go AWOL.

President Rhee himself, who recently appeared in a filmed interview on a CBS television show called "Korea, the Forgotten Front," concluded his eloquent appeal to the American people with the admonition "Remember, don't make Korea another China." Of course he wasn't talking specifically about the need for reform in the Korean aid program, but there's a good deal more in what he said than he may have imagined.

The Wonderful Buncombe Machine

ERIC SEVAREID

I GUESS the reason I'm revealing the whole thing now is that I just don't have the will power to keep a secret without help, and now all help is fled. I mean the other guys in it aren't in it any more. Joe died this year and Ed went into public relations, and they were the last, except me. So I may as well tell about our Invention, which didn't revolutionize Washington reporting as we thought it would mostly because some of the guys' publishers kept accusing them of trying to be pundits in their news copy and they almost got fired. So they had to soft-pedal their use of It.

We call it It now. It never did have a name except that when we first had it built—oh, a couple of administrations ago—it was a simple truth machine and we called it that. You know, a straight remote-control electronic adaptation of the lie-detector principle that just wrote "True" or "False" when a government official made any statement at a news conference.

Well, you know how these things go—the problem got more complicated as administrations came and went. When Ike came in, we had to have It translate, too. Then we found that even when his language was put into English we had to know what he *meant*. Things developed from there, with the help of some experts in cybernetics, telepathy, lip reading, and psychoanalysis. It not only reported the Official's *unspoken* thoughts, but because It was by then fantastically sensitive and was always stored in the recording room at the broadcasting station, It suddenly began *commenting* on what the Official said, meant, and thought. Of course we've always thrown the comments out before using the stuff. We would have, anyway, because It was obviously biased. Sometimes It sounded like a Creeping Socialist, sometimes like a Taft-wing Republican, sometimes like Arthur Larson. I mean, if you can imagine an Arthur Larson who swears.

I USED It last at John Foster Dulles's news conference of September 10, and, what the hell, I may as well copy off some of the stuff from the tape and show you how It works.

Q.: Mr. Secretary, what considerations make the Syrian situation such a serious one . . . ?

DULLES: I think you have to go back to the situation which was portrayed by President Eisenhower in his address to the Congress of last January . . .

(IT: Ghostwriting Rule No. 1 is involved here—never claim authorship of your own stuff, especially when written for the President.)

DULLES: Now, the activities of the Soviet Union since then have indicated that they were persisting in their intentions . . .

(IT, THOUGHT-READING: Oops, I'm admitting the Eisenhower Doctrine hasn't worked, but they won't catch on to that till maybe next week.)

Q.: Mr. Secretary, there has been considerable opinion . . . that a condominium of some sort be established, including the great powers and Russia . . .

DULLES: . . . I have not heard of this suggestion that you allude to, of a so-called condominium of the great powers in the Middle East. . . .

(IT, THOUGHT-READING: Thank goodness for all my practice answering sloppy committee questions. What this guy means is neutralization with a joint program of aid—but he said "condominium," so that lets me out of *that* one.)

Q.: Mr. Secretary, you described Mr. Henderson's mission as trouble-shooting or that this is an emergency and yet you say that actually the action we take [arms to Jordan] is not an emergency action.

DULLES: I don't think that I ever

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used the word "trouble-shooting" for Mr. Henderson. If I'm not wrong, that is a description which was given by the press and not by me.

(IT, THOUGHT-READING: How these jokers leave themselves wide open for my sneak counterpunch! Twice in a row!)

(IT, COMMENTING: Oh, oh! Somebody goofed and the big switch is on. Saud must be raising private hell about the way we dramatized those arms shipments into Jordan not long ago.)

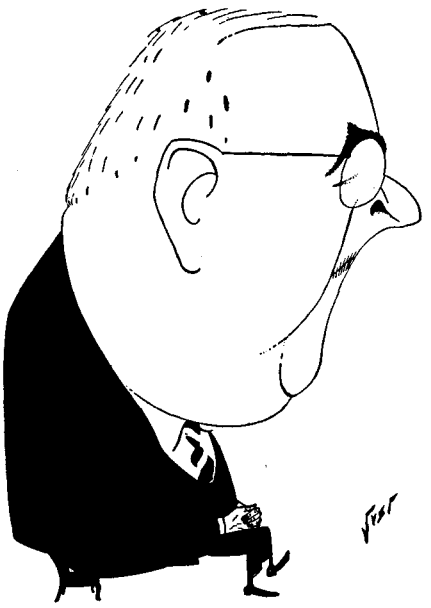
Q.: . . . . Mr. Secretary, you indicated a reticence to use the word "emergency" to classify the Syrian situation. . . . Is it better or worse than it was before Mr. Henderson made his trip?

DULLES: Well, it's extremely difficult to judge these things in terms of the events of a day or two. You may recall that Prime Minister Nehru . . . said that the situation in Syria was dangerous and explosive. Now, he is a somewhat detached and philosophical observer and if that was his judgment I think many people would be disposed to accept it. . . .

(IT, COMMENTING: Beautiful example of the fadeback combined with the lateral pass. Leaves Foster safe with a foot on each side of the fence and he doesn't even get a sore bottom with Nehru as a pillow, if you'll excuse my scrambled metaphors. Incidentally, Foster just broke the qualification record—a quadruple in *one* sentence. "Somewhat"—"if"—"I think"—"disposed." You radio commentators had better look to your laurels, chums.)

THE NEWS CONFERENCE got into a discussion of whether Syria actually is under the "domination of international Communism" in the meaning of the Eisenhower Doctrine and whether, if it is, the President would "find" that it is. Dulles said Syria's status was murky, that the President would not make the finding "unless there were other events which called for it," because otherwise such a finding would be an "academic exercise."

Q.: In short, Syria has to commit an act of aggression with her neighbors before the United States would



characterize it as Communist-dominated? Is that correct?

DULLES: That is the way I see the situation today.

(IT: I think I just broke a circuit out of sheer enthusiasm. Actual use of force under the Doctrine is obviously the last thing Foster wants or intends. He has now telescoped Step No. 1 into Step No. 2. This relieves him of any initiative on the first. It also leaves the scrutinee country in doubt as to whether we will consider it Red-run and oppose its aggression until it's aggressed, when it will be too late for the scrutinee to call things off and maybe too late for the aggressee to request and get American military help. Check back, Sevareid, and you'll find that in that 1953 interview Foster did with you, his whole pitch was that the great fault of the Truman-Acheson régime was that it didn't let the enemy know precisely and in advance that we would move in on them if they moved. Ah well, Foster left Peking in doubt as to what we'd do if they attacked Quemoy and Amoy three years ago, and *that* seems to have worked. Maybe he'll be lucky again.)

Q.: Mr. Secretary, the British have an interest there. How much actual collaboration between Washington and London is there now?

DULLES: The United Kingdom is being kept informed through normal diplomatic channels . . .

(IT: You've really got to hand it to Foster. Suppose that fellow had asked if there is any common *policy* on Syria? Come to think of it, he might have got the same answer.)

Q.: Mr. Secretary, could you give us your views as to why the disarmament talks have failed . . . ?

DULLES: I think it is an overstatement to say that they have failed. I believe that more progress toward disarmament has been made at these talks than has ever been made before in the long history of efforts toward disarmament. . . . the achievement now is really quite monumental in comparison with the total inability at that time [League of Nations days] for the then allies to come to agreement among themselves. . . .

(IT, THOUGHT-READING: The trouble with these reporters is that they never take the long view—backwards. I love it when I can measure present dangers against the past and not against the future. The past is so—well, manageable. Besides, it's sound thinking and takes up a lot of time in these news conferences.)

Q. [By some guy who was neither satisfied nor asleep]: Mr. Secretary, could we clarify a little our government's view on Syria? When Mr. Henderson came back I believe his words were, "The situation is serious, extremely so." The impact of your remarks this morning . . .

DULLES: . . . . I have talked, you know, about this business of waging peace and how I don't think that peace is ever going to be won except as you go through a whole series of efforts. . . . If you go over the history of the last three or four hundred years you will find you have had a war—I think it works out on an average of about two wars every five years. . . .

(IT: I admire Foster. Not many officials ever dare to use Riposte No. 4—things were worse under the Black Plague—more than once in a news conference. Talk about massive retaliation!)

WELL, that will give you a rough idea of how It is operating these days. I have all the rights on It now and unless the FBI pays me a visit when this issue hits the stands, I'm going to keep on using It. I do get a little nervous at times, though, because It is getting so cocky lately, I sometimes think It's using *me*.

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Look How the Fish Live

A Short Story

J. F. POWERS

IT HAD BEEN a wonderful year in the yard, which was four city lots and full of trees, a small forest and game preserve in the old part of town. Until that day, there hadn't been a single casualty, none at least that he knew about, which was the same thing and more than enough where there was so much life coming and going: squirrels, both red and gray, robins, flickers, mourning doves, chipmunks, rabbits. These creatures, and more, lived in the yard, and most of these he'd worried about in the past. Some, of course, he'd been too late for, and perhaps that was best, being able to bury what would have been his responsibility.

Obviously the children had been doing all they could for some time, for when he happened on the scene the little bird was ensconced in grass twisted into a nesting ring, soggy bread and fresh water had been set before it—the water in a tiny pie tin right under its bill—and a birdhouse was only inches away, awaiting occupancy. Bird, food and drink, and house were all in a plastic dishpan.

"Dove, isn't it?" said his wife, who had hoped to keep him off such a case, he knew, and now was easing him into it.

"I don't know," he said, afraid that he did. It was a big little bird, several shades of gray, quills plainly visible because the feathers were only beginning. Its bill was black and seemed too long for it. "A flicker maybe," he said, but he didn't think so. No, it was a dove, because where were the bird's parents? Any bird but the dove would try to do something. Somewhere in the neighborhood this baby dove's mother was posing on a branch like peace itself, with no thought of anything in her head.

"Oh, God," he groaned.

"Where *are* the worms?" said his wife.

"We can't find any," said one of the children.

"Here," he said, taking the shovel from her. He went and dug near some shrubbery with the shovel, which was probably meant for sand and gravel. With this shovel he had buried many little things in the past. The worms were deeper than he could go with such a shovel, or they were just nowhere. He pried up two flagstones. Only ants and

one many-legged worm that he didn't care to touch.

He had found no worms, and when he came back to the bird, when he saw it, he was conscious of returning empty-handed. His wife was going into the house.

"That bird can't get into that house," he said. "It's for wrens."

"We know it," said the oldest child, quietly.

He realized then that he had pointed up an obvious difficulty that the two girls had decently refrained from mentioning in front of the bird and the two younger children, the boys. But he hadn't wanted them to *squeeze* the dove into the wrenhouse. "Well, you might as well leave it where it is. Keep the bird in the shade."

"That's what we're doing."

"We put him in the dishpan so we could move him around in the shade."

"Good. Does it eat or drink anything?"

"Of course."

He didn't like the sound of this. "Did you *see* it eat or drink anything?"

"No, she did."

"Did you see it eat or drink?"

"Drink."

"It didn't eat?"

"I didn't see him eat. He maybe did when we weren't watching."

"Did it drink like this?" He sipped the air and threw back his head, swallowing.

"More like this." The child threw back her head only about half as far as he had.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course."

HE WALKED OUT into the yard to get away from them. He didn't know whether the bird had taken any water. All he knew was that one of the children had imitated a bird drinking—rather, had imitated him imitating a chicken. He didn't even know whether birds threw back their heads in drinking. Was the dove a bird that had to have its mother feed it? Probably so. And so probably, as he'd thought when he first saw the bird, there was no use. He was back again.

"How does it seem? Any different?"

"How do you mean?"

"Has it changed any since you found it?"

The little girls looked at each other. Then the younger one spoke: "He's not so afraid."

He was touched by this, in spite of himself. Now that they'd found the bird, she was saying, it would be all right. Was ever a bird in worse shape? With food it couldn't eat, water it probably hadn't drunk and wouldn't, and with a house it couldn't get into—and *them!* Now they punished him with their faith in themselves and the universe, and later, when these failed and the bird began to sink, they would punish him some more, with their faith in him. He knew what was the best thing for the bird. When the children took their naps, then, maybe, he could do the job. He was not soft. He had flooded gophers out

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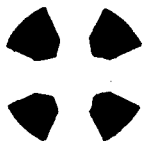

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of their labyrinthine ways and beheaded them with the shovel; he had purged a generation of red squirrels from the walls and attic of the old house when he moved in, knowing it was them or him. But why did animals and birds do this to him? Why did children?

"Why'd you pick this bird up? Why didn't you leave it where it was? The mother might've found it then."

"She couldn't lift him, could she?"

"Of course not."

"Well, he can't fly."

"No, but if you'd left it where it fell, the mother might see it. The mother bird has to feed a baby like this." Why couldn't she lift it? Why couldn't the two parents get together and just put it back in the nest? Why, down through the ages, hadn't birds worked out something for such an emergency? As he understood it, they were descended from reptiles and had learned how to grow feathers and fly. The whale had gone to sea. But he didn't know whether he believed any of this. Here was a case that showed how incompetent nature really was. He was tired of such cases, of nature passing the buck to him. He hated to see spring and summer come to the yard, in a way. They meant death and mosquitoes to him.

IT HAD BEEN the worst year for mosquitoes that anyone could remember, and in Minnesota that was saying a lot. He had bought a spraying outfit, and DDT at $2.50 a quart, which, when you considered that there was no tax on it, made you think. A quart made two gallons, but he was surprised how quickly it went. The words on the bottle, "Who enjoys your yard—you or the mosquitoes?," had stayed with him, however. He had engaged professionals, with a big machine mounted on a truck, to blow a gale of poison through the yard. (In other years, seeing such an operation in other yards, he had worried about the bees.) The squirrels and rabbits in residence had evacuated the trees and lily beds while he stood by, hoping that they and the birds understood it was an emergency measure. He believed, however, that the birds received too much credit for eating annoying insects. Wasps, he knew, consumed great numbers of mosquitoes—but what about *them*? The mosquito hawk, a large, harmless insect, was a great killer of mosquitoes, but was itself killed by birds —by martins. That was the balance of nature for you. Balance for whom? You had to take steps yourself—drastic steps. Too drastic?

"Now I want you to show me exactly where you found this bird."

The little girls looked at each other.

"Don't say anything. Just take me to the exact spot."

They walked across the yard as if they really knew where they were going, and he and the little boys followed. The girls appeared to agree on a spot, but he supposed that one was under the influence of the other. The older one put out a foot and said "Here."

He hadn't realized they were being that exact. It was surprising how right they were. Fifty or sixty feet overhead, in a fork of a big white oak, he saw a nest, definitely a dove's nest, a jerry-built job if he ever saw one, the sky visible between the sticks, and something hanging down. He moved away and gazed up again. It was only a large dead leaf, not what he'd feared, not a baby bird hanging by its foot. He felt better about having had the yard sprayed. The machine on the truck was very powerful, powerful enough to bend back the bushes and small trees, but he doubted that it had blown the baby dove out of the nest. This was just an unusually bad

nest and the bird had fallen out. Nature had simply failed again.

"The nest! I see it! See?"

"Yes." He walked away from them, toward the garage. He hadn't called the nest to their attention because restoring the bird was out of the question for him—it was a job for the fire department or for God whose eye is on the sparrow—but that didn't mean that the children might not expect him to do it.

"Just keep the bird in the shade," he called from the garage. He drove down to the office, which he hadn't planned to visit that day, and spent a few hours of peace there.

AND CAME HOME to another calamity. In the kitchen, the little girls were waiting for him. Something, they said, had jumped out of the lilies and pushed one of the young bunnies that hadn't been doing anything, just eating grass near the playhouse. A weasel, they thought. Their mother hadn't seen it happen, had only heard the bunny crying, and had gone up to bed. There was no use going to her. They were in possession of what information there was. He should ask them.

"Don't go out there!"

"Why not?"

"Mama says if the bunny has the rabies it might bite."

He stood still in thought. Most of his life had been spent in a more settled part of the country. There was a great deal he didn't know about wildlife, even about the red squirrel and the yellow-jacket wasp with which he had dealt firsthand, and he knew it. He could be wrong. But there was something ridiculous about what they were suggesting. "Did you see whatever it was that pushed the rabbit?"

"Of course!" said the child. It was this that distinguished her from all others in the house.

"What did it look like?"

"It went so fast."

This was ground they'd covered before, but he persevered, hoping to flush the fact that would explain everything. "What color was it?"

"Kind of—like the rabbit. But it went so fast."

This, too, was as before. "Maybe it was the mama rabbit," he said, adding something new. The more he thought about it, the more he liked it. "Maybe she didn't want the young one to come out in the open, in the daytime, I mean. Maybe she was just teaching it a lesson." He didn't know whether rabbits did that, but he did know that this particular mother was intelligent. He had first noticed her young ones, just babies then, in a shallow hole alongside a tiny evergreen which he had put a wire fence around, and over which he'd draped some "Shoo"

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—rope soaked with creosote, advertised as very effective against dogs, rabbits, and rodents of all kinds. And as for the punishment the young rabbit had taken from whatever it was, he had once seen a mother squirrel get tough with a little one that had strayed from the family tree.

"Would she hurt the young rabbit?" said the younger girl.

"She might. A little."

"This one was hurt a lot," said the eyewitness. She spoke with finality.

"Maybe it was a cat," he said, rallying. "You say it was about the same size."

The children didn't reply. It seemed to him that they did not trust him. His mama-rabbit theory was too good to be true. They believed in the weasel.

"A weasel would've killed it," he said.

"But if he saw *me*?"

"*Did* he see you?"

"Of course."

"Did you see *him*?"

"Of course!" cried the child, impatient with the question. She didn't appear to realize that she was cornered, that having seen the attacker she should be able to describe it. But she was under no obligation to be logical. He decided to wait a few years.

OUT IN THE YARD he scrutinized the ground around the playhouse for blood and fur, and saw none. He stepped to the edge of the lilies. Each year the lilies were thicker and less fruitful of flowers, and a gardener would have thinned them out. A gardener, though, would have spoiled this yard—for the fairies who, the children told him, played there. He didn't enter the lilies because he didn't want to encounter what he might. He was not forgetting the bird.

Passing through the kitchen, he noticed that the children were cutting up a catalogue, both pasting. Apparently the older one could no longer get the younger one to do all the scissor work. "How's the bird?"

"We don't know."

He stopped and got them in focus. "Why don't you know?"

"We haven't looked at it."

"Haven't looked at it! Why haven't you?"

"We've been doing this."

"This is why."

It was a mystery to him how, after crooning over the helpless creature, after entangling him in its fate, they could be this way. This was not the first time either. "Well, get out there and look at it!"

On the way out to look at it himself, he met them coming back. "He's all right," the older one said grumpily.

"Looks the same, huh?" He didn't catch what they said in reply, which wasn't much anyway. He found the bird where he'd last seen it, beside the back porch. He had expected it to be dying by now. Its ribs showed clearly when it breathed, which was alarming, but he remembered that this had worried them when he first saw the bird. It did seem to be about the same.

He passed through the kitchen and, seeing the children all settled down again, he said, "Find a better place for it. It'll soon be in the sun."

A few moments later, he was intervening. They had the whole yard and yet they were arguing over two patches of shade, neither of which would be good for more than a few minutes. He carried the dishpan out into the yard, and was annoyed that they weren't following him, for he wanted them to see what he was doing and why. He put the dishpan down where the sun wouldn't appear again until morning. He picked it up again. He carried it across the yard to the foot of the white oak. On the ground, directly below the nest, there was and would be sun until evening, but near the trunk there would be shade until morning.

The bird was breathing heavily, as before, but it was in no distress—unless this was distress. He thought not. If the bird had a full coat of feathers, its breathing wouldn't be so noticeable.

He was pleasantly surprised to see a mature dove high above him. The dove wasn't near the nest, wasn't watching him—was just looking unconcerned in another part of the tree—but it was in the right tree. He tried to attract its attention, making what he considered a gentle bird noise. It flew away, greatly disappointing him.

He knelt and lifted the tin of water to the bird's mouth. This he did with no expectation that it would drink, but it did, it definitely did. The bird kept his bill in the water, waggling it once or twice, spilling some, and raised its head slightly—not as a chicken would. He tried a little bread, unsuccessfully. He tried the water again, and again the bird drank. The bread was refused again and also the water when it was offered the third time. This confirmed him in his belief that the bird had been drinking before. This also proved that the bird was able to make decisions. After two drinks, the bird had said, in effect, no more. It hadn't eaten for some time, but it was evidently still sound in mind and body. It might need only a mother's care to live.

HE WENT into the house. In the next two hours, he came to the window frequently. For a while he tried to believe that there might be maternal action at the foot of the oak while he wasn't watching. He knew better, though. All he could believe was that the mother might be staying away because she regarded the dishpan as a trap—assuming, of course, that she had spotted the baby, and assuming also that she gave a damn, which he doubted.

Before dinner he went out and removed the birdhouse and then the bird from the dishpan, gently tipping it into the grass, not touching it. The nest the children had twined together slid with it, but the bird ended up more off than on the nest. There was plenty of good, growing grass under the dove, however. If, as the children claimed, the bird could move a little and if the mother did locate it, perhaps between them—he credited the baby with some intelligence—they might have enough sense to hide out in the lilies of the valley only a few feet away. There would be days ahead o'

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feeding and growth before the little bird could fly, probably too many days to pass on the ground in the open. Once the mother assumed her responsibility, however, everything would become easier—that is, possible. *He* might even build a nest nearby. (One year there had been a dove's nest in a chokecherry tree, only ten feet off the ground.) Within a few yards of the oak there were aged lilac bushes, almost trees, which would be suitable for a nest. At present, though, with the mother delinquent, the situation was impossible.

He looked up into the trees for her, in vain, and then down at the orphan. It had moved. It had taken up its former position precisely in the center of the little raft of grass the children had made for it, and this was painful to see, this little display of order in a thing so small, so dumb, so sure.

It would not drink. He set the water closer, and the bread, just in case, and carried away the dishpan and the birdhouse. He saw the bowel movement in the bottom of the dishpan as a good omen, but was puzzled by the presence of a tiny dead bug of the beetle family. It could mean that the mother had been in attendance, or it could mean that the bug had simply dropped dead from the spraying, a late casualty.

AFTER DINNER, standing on the back porch, he heard a disturbance far out in the yard. Blue jays, and up to no good, he thought, and walked toward the noise. When he reached the farthest corner of the yard, the noise ceased, and began again. He looked into the trees across the alley. Then he saw two catbirds in the honeysuckle bushes only six feet away and realized that he had mistaken their rusty cries for those of blue jays at some distance. The catbirds hopped, scolding, from branch to branch. They moved to the next bush, but not because of him, he thought. It was then that he saw the cat in the lilies. He stamped his foot. The cat, a black-and-white one marked like a Holstein cow, crashed through the lilies and out into the alley where the going was good, and was gone. The catbirds followed, flying low, belling the cat with their cries. In the distance he heard blue jays, themselves marauders, join in, doing their bit to make the cat's position known. High overhead he saw two dopey doves doing absolutely nothing about the cat, heard their little dithering noise, and was disgusted with them. It's a wonder you're not extinct, he thought, gazing up at them. They chose that moment to show him the secret of their success.

HE WALKED the far boundaries of the yard, stopping to gaze back at the old frame house, which was best seen at a distance. He had many pictures of it in his mind, for it changed with the seasons, gradually, and all during the day. The old house always looked good to him, in spring when the locust, plum, lilacs, honeysuckle, caragana, and mock orange bloomed around it; in summer, as it was now, almost buried in green; in autumn, when the yard was rolling with nuts, crashing with leaves, and the mountain ash berries turned red; and in winter, when, under snow and icicles, with its tall mullioned windows sparkling, it reminded him of an old-fashioned Christmas card. For a hundred years it had been painted barn or Venetian red, with forest-green trim. In winter there were times when the old house, because of the light, seemed to be bleeding; the red then was profound and alive. Perhaps it knew something, after all, he thought. In January the yellow bulldozers would come for it and the trees. One of the old oaks, one which had appeared to be in excellent health, had recently thrown down half of itself in the night. "Herbal suicide," his wife had said.

Reaching the other far corner of the yard, he stood considering the thick black walnut tree, which he had once, at about this time of year, thought of girdling with a tin shield to keep off the squirrels. But this would have taken a lot of tin, and equipment he didn't own to trim a neighboring maple and possibly an elm, and so he had decided to share the nuts with the squirrels. This year they could have them all. Few of the birds would be there when it happened, but the squirrels—there were at least a dozen in residence—were in for a terrible shock.

He moved toward the house, on the street side of the yard, on the lookout for beer cans and bottles which the teachers'-college students from their parked cars tossed into the bushes. He knew, from several years of picking up after them, their favorite brand.

He came within twenty yards of the white oak, and stopped. He didn't want to venture too near in case the mother was engaged in feeding the baby, or was just about to make up her mind to do so. In order to see, however, he would have to be a little closer. He moved toward the white oak in an indirect line, and stopped again. The nest was empty. His first thought was that the bird, sensing the approach of darkness, had wisely retreated into the shelter of the lilies of the valley nearby, and then he remembered the recent disturbance on the other side of the yard. The cat had last been seen at what had seemed then like a safe distance, but of course it could have been here earlier. He was looking now for feathers, blood, bones. But he saw no such signs of the bird. Again he considered the possibility that it was hiding in the lilies of the valley. When he recalled the bird sitting in the very center of the nest, it did not seem likely that it would leave, ever—unless persuaded by the mother to do so. But he had no faith in the mother, and instead of searching the lilies, he stood where he was and studied the ground around him in a widening circle. The cat could've carried it off, of course, or—again—the bird could be safe among the lilies.

He hurried to the fallen oak. Seeing the little bird at such a distance from the nest, and not seeing it as he'd expected he would, but entire, he had been deceived. The bird was not moving. It was on its back, not mangled but dead. He noted the slate-black feet. Its head was to one side on the grass. The one eye he could see was closed, and the blood all around it, enamel-bright, gave the impression, surprising to him, that it had poured out like paint. He wouldn't have thought such a little thing would even have blood.

He went for the shovel with which he'd turned up no worms for the bird earlier that day. He came back to the bird by a different route, having passed on the other side of

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a big tree, and saw the little ring of grass that had been the bird's nest. It now looked like a wreath to him.

He dug a grave within a few feet of the bird. The ground was mossy there. He simply lifted up a piece of it, tucked in the bird, and dropped the sod down like a cover. He pounded it once with the back side of the shovel, thinking the bird would rest easier there than in most ground.

WHEN HE looked up from his work, he saw that he had company, Mr. and Mrs. Hahn, neighbors. He told them what had happened, and could see that Mr. Hahn considered him soft. He remembered that Mr. Hahn, who had an interest such as newspapers seemed to think everybody ought to have in explosions, didn't care to discuss the fallout.

The Hahns walked with him through the yard. They had heard there were no mosquitoes there now.

"Apparently it works," he said.

"The city should spray," said Mrs. Hahn.

"At least the swamps," said Mr. Hahn, who was more conservative.

He said nothing. They were perfectly familiar with this theory: that it was wet enough in the lily beds, in the weeds along the river, for mosquitoes to breed. When he explained that there just weren't enough swamps to breed that many mosquitoes, people smiled, and tried to refute his theory by talking about how little water it took, a bird bath, a tin can somewhere. "In my opinion, they breed right here, in this yard and yours."

"Anyway, they're not here now," said Mrs. Hahn.

He received this not as a compliment but as a polite denial of his theory. They were passing under the mulberry tree. In the bloody atmosphere prevailing in his mind that evening, he naturally thought of the purple grackle that had hung itself from a high branch with a string in the previous summer. "I'm sick of it all."

"Sick of *what*?" said Mrs. Hahn.

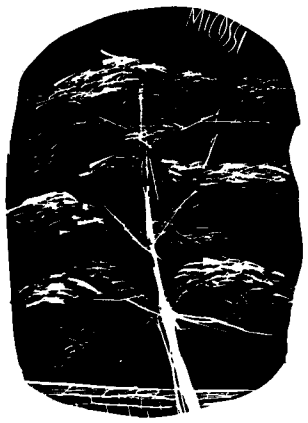
The Hahns regarded him as a head case, he knew, and probably wouldn't be surprised if he said that he was sick of them. He had stopped trying to adjust his few convictions and prejudices to company. He just let them fly. Life was too short. "Insects, birds, and animals of all kinds," he said. "Nature."

Mr. Hahn smiled. "There'd be too many of those doves if things like that didn't happen."

"I suppose."

Mr. Hahn said: "Look how the fish live."

He looked at the man with interest. This was the most remarkable thing Mr. Hahn had ever said in his presence. But of course Mr. Hahn didn't appreciate the implications. Mr. Hahn didn't see himself in the picture at all.



"That includes children," he said, pursuing his original line. It was the children who were responsible for bringing the failures of nature to his attention.

Mrs. Hahn, who seemed to feel she was on familiar ground, gaily laughed. "Everybody who has them complains about them."

"*And* women," he added. He had almost left women out, and they belonged in. They were responsible for the children and the success of "Queen for a Day."

"And men," he added when he caught Mr. Hahn smiling at the mention of women. Men were at the bottom of it all.

"That doesn't leave much, does it?" said Mr. Hahn.

"No." Who *was* left? God. It wasn't surprising, for all problems were at bottom theological. He'd like to put a few questions to God. God, though, knowing his thoughts, knew his questions, and the world was already in possession of all the answers that would be forthcoming from God. Compassion for the Holy Family fleeing from Herod was laudable and meritorious, but it was wasted on soulless rabbits fleeing from soulless weasels. Nevertheless it was there just the same, or something very like it. As he'd said in the beginning, he was sick of it all.

"There he is now!" cried Mrs. Hahn.

He saw the black-and-white cat pause under the fallen oak.

"Should I get my gun?" said Mr. Hahn.

"No. It's his nature." He stamped his foot and hissed. The cat ran out of the yard. Where were the birds? They could be keeping an eye on the cat. Somewhere along the line they must have said the hell with it. He supposed there was a lesson in that for him. A man simply couldn't compassionate with life to the full extent of his instincts and opportunities. A man had to accept his God-given limitations.

HE ACCOMPANIED the Hahns around to the front of the house, and there they met a middle-aged woman coming up the walk. He didn't know her, but the Hahns did, and introduced her. Mrs. Snyder.

"It's about civil defense," she said. Every occupant of every house was soon to be registered for purposes of identification in case of an emergency. Each block would have its warden, and Mrs. Snyder thought that he, since he lived on this property, which took up so much of the block . . .

"No."

"No?"

"No." He couldn't think of a job for which he was less suited, in view of his general outlook. He wouldn't be here anyway. Nor would this house, these trees.

While Mr. and Mrs. Hahn explained to Mrs. Snyder that the place was to become a parking lot for the teachers' college, he stood by in silence. He had never heard it explained so well. His friends had been shocked at the idea of doing away with the old house and trees—and for a parking lot!—and although he appreciated their concern, there was nothing to be done, and after a time he was unable to commiserate with them. This they didn't readily understand. It was as if some venerable figure in the community, only known to them but near and dear to him,

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had died or been murdered, and he failed to show proper sorrow and anger. The Hahns, however, were explaining how it was, turning this way and that, pointing to this building and that, to sites already taken, to those to be taken soon or in time. For them the words "the state" and "expansion" seemed sufficient. And the Hahns weren't employed by the teachers' college and they weren't old grads. It was impossible to account in such an easy way for their enthusiasm. They were scheduled for eviction themselves, they said, in a few years.

When they were all through explaining, it must have been annoying to them to hear Mrs. Snyder's comment. "Too bad," she said. She glanced up at the old red house and then across the street at the new dormitory going up. There had been a parking lot there for a few years, but before that another big old house and trees. The new dormitory, apricot bricks and aluminum windows, was in the same style as the new library, a style known to him and his wife as Blank. "Too bad," Mrs. Snyder said again, with an uneasy look across the street, and then at him.

"There's no defense against that either," he said. If Mrs. Snyder understood what he meant, she didn't show it.

"Well," she said to Mr. Hahn, "how about you?"

THEY LEFT HIM then, strolling down the walk together. Whether Mr. Hahn became the block warden was a question in his mind that would have to be answered another time. He put the shovel away, and walked the boundaries of the yard for the last time that day, pausing twice to consider the house in the light of the moment. When he came to the grave, he stopped and looked around for a large stone. He took one from the mound where the hydrant rose up in the yard, the only place where the wild ginger grew, and set it on the grave, not as a marker but as an obstacle to the cat if it returned, as he imagined it would. It was getting dark in the yard, the night coming sooner there because of the great trees. Now the bats and owls would get to work, he thought, and went into the doomed house.

The Return of Les Fauves

JAY JACOBS

IT HAS ALWAYS seemed to me that British painting generally fails to measure up to the rest of European art because the traditionally British outlook on nature is literary and more suited to the arrangement of words on paper than colors on canvas. But it now appears that England has produced—or at least nurtured—a painter whose talents would not seem to be in the least verbal.

Not long ago the New York *Times* carried a photograph of a bearded artist proudly gesturing before a canvas currently on exhibition in London. The work of art—as far as I could tell—is vigorous and original, without a trace of even the most tenuous connection with England's hallowed literary heritage. The caption beneath the two-column-wide picture read: "Congo, an artistic chimp who resides at the London Zoo, apes the eager exhibitor as he displays one of his efforts during [a] preview in the British capital."

When a chimpanzee paints pictures that can be hung in a gallery ordinarily devoted to works by contemporary humans, we may speculate freely, I think, about the nature and achievements of some aspects of modern art. Congo's paintings will of course elicit predictable reactions from various quarters in which such matters are of concern, ranging from raucous catcalls, directed toward the camps of the "abstract expressionists" and the "nonobjectivists," to top-heavy pronunciamentos issued in rebuttal by the embattled partisans. Congo himself will be regarded in some circles as a bête noire; in others, which specialize in close and involuted disputation designed to make palatable what they have already swallowed, as a hitherto missing link. The Philistines will regard Congo as a King Kong on whose shoulders they can ride to glory over a rubble-strewn abstract-expressionistic world. The arguments will range from the any-ape-can-paint-this-junk sort to elaborate rationales grimly concocted to prove that only human cerebration of an infinitely complex order is capable of producing what a chimpanzee achieves intuitively. That this is the first time chimpanzees have exhibited (a finger-painting American *fauve* named Betsy shared Congo's gallery) is significant only in that it is the first time in which conditions made it possible for them to do so. What I like about the situation is that it points up a unique aspect of contemporary art.

Maîtres Manqués

With all due respect for whatever special talent Congo may possess, it seems safe to assume that any chimpanzee since the arts began, had anyone taken the trouble to provide him with brushes and turpentine, could have produced pictures of the sort the London artist is exhibiting. Except for the inevitable differences in "style" between one artist and another, it doesn't seem unreasonable to suppose that an ape living in the time of Ucello or Chardin would paint pretty much like one who is contemporaneous with Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning. But Congo, had he lived and painted fifty years ago, would have worked and died in obscurity simply because he was so far ahead of his time. The *Times,* if it had considered the item fit to print, would probably have noted only that an experiment was made in which a chimpanzee was given a chance to paint a picture—and that he hadn't been able to.

We may choose to take Congo's efforts seriously or to regard them as jokes, but the point is that we can make *something* of them. Either of these positions would have been inconceivable in, say, Watteau's day. People then might have been amused by the spectacle—or the idea—of a chimpanzee going through the motions of a creative act, but the product of that act would have been incomprehensible to them on any level. As "art," it would have been as meaningless to a man of the eighteenth century as would the work of Congo's human contempo-

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raries, and even as a parody of human art would have evoked no response simply because it would have been too remote from anything in human experience.

But to return to the present, two alternative conclusions present themselves: We may continue to subscribe to the notion that man is superior to the apes (I state this hypothetically; for myself, I like to think I am without bias in matters of race, religion, creed, or species), which forces us to conclude that much present-day painting has degenerated to a subhuman level; or we may assume, at least as far as painting is concerned, that chimpanzees, almost from their beginnings on earth, grasped the fundamental principles of art, saw just what the whole business was leading to, and went through its whole evolution like a dose of salts.

THUS FAR, I have based these speculations on the simple assumption that any chimpanzee at any time would have painted more or less in the manner of Congo. Now another possibility occurs to me. Suppose that chimpanzees, like men, are simply the products and reflections of the times in which they live; that even as twentieth-century chimpanzees paint like *their* human contemporaries, so would those of other eras have painted like *theirs*. Is it possible that by withholding from them the common materials of art, man has let untold generations of chimpanzees—who might have been communicating with him on the most exalted levels—languish and die, mute and inglorious?

Have we allowed to die unborn works comparable to the divine productions of Leonardo and Michelangelo merely because we lacked the imagination to provide the chimpanzees of the sixteenth century with charcoal and paints? Think of Brueghel's painting of two monkeys in a window, and of the portrait we might have had of *him*, if he had let one of them borrow a brush. What profound insights might be our legacy from the chimpanzees of Rembrandt's time if only our unthinking ancestors had given them a few yards of canvas . . .

Any way you look at it, there's not much to say for the human race.

CHANNELS:

History While You Wait

MARYA MANNES

WE NEED a new name for television's finest achievement: the assimilation of the raw material of life into dramatic and artistic experience. "Documentary" smells too much of archives. "News in depth" sounds faintly sociological. "Deep analysis" is more to the point.

Whatever it is called, living history on TV is the best your screen will offer this season and the only television technique that is steadily developing. What is more, it is not to be provided by any other medium. No newspaper account, no photograph after the fact can give you the immediacy and involvement provided by TV, can make the past as alive as the present. The slump of the aging Churchill's shoulders, the diagonal tilt of Roosevelt's head, the stupid thrust of Mussolini's chin, the flaccid flip of Hitler's hand—such things are emotional experiences, no more and no less a part of our human texture than a walk to Central High in Little Rock with a Negro girl or a talk with a Russian satellite scientist.

The networks are beginning to realize, even if sponsors are slow to, that this vital stuff can no longer be shoved under the amorphous heading of "Public Affairs" or "Public Service," though it is both, but belongs in the main stream of programming, and is potentially more capable of holding large audiences than any array of too familiar stars.

CBS's *Twentieth Century*

This year both CBS and NBC have superlative teams engaged in this technique. In addition to such masters in the field as Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly, Eric Sevareid, Chet Huntley and Reuven Frank, Henry Salomon and Richard Hanser, there is a new crop of men whose talents give the medium its importance. Their work demands that they be at once writers, editors, philosophers, and showmen. Such men—specifically Burton Benjamin and Isaac Kleinerman—were responsible for the magnificent "Many Lives of Churchill" that CBS put on the air on October 20 as the opening gun of their *Twentieth Century* series, sponsored by the Prudential Insurance Company of America. To compress this great life and the decades it spans—and molded—was a remarkable feat. To make it an intensely moving, intensely revealing evocation of a man and his times was a triumph of selection and historical perspective.

These qualities are equally evident in another of this series on the subject of brainwashing, to be seen on November 24, and which I previewed in an as yet unfinished state. The film was produced by Albert Wasserman, the young man who made last year's study of a catatonic woman, "Out of Darkness," so memorable, and is the re-creation, through their own mouths and words, of the ordeals suffered by three victims of Communist capture and prolonged manipulation: Dr. Edith Bone, kept for seven years in solitary confinement in a Hungarian prison; Robert Ford, held in a Chinese prison for more than five years; and William Oatis, the American newsman imprisoned in Prague.

Wasserman was fortunate in having two such diversely compelling figures as Dr. Bone and Mr. Ford: the first a grizzled and shapeless monument of a woman whose fortitude under dreadful stress was clearly the product of prodigious resources of mind and will; the latter the kind of ordinary little English clerk possessed of extraordinary stamina and the capacity to survive prolonged indoctrination without any fundamental distortion of values. It is Wasserman's strength as a producer that he let them speak for themselves with a minimum of "production," and only occasional bridging by a script, read sturdily as

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usual by Walter Cronkite, that was lean and spare. The film had a shocking purity, visually and intellectually, and if it has any lesson for Americans in particular, it is in the positive uses of solitude for survival.

SINCE IT concerns itself with living man's past, present, and future, *Twentieth Century* will skip far and wide—from a study of V-2 missiles (with extraordinary German films on Peenemünde) and atomic radiation, to a gallery of portraits (among them General Douglas MacArthur, Mussolini, Gandhi, and the Windsors). Watch the by-lines on these studies and you will recognize some of the best newspaper, magazine, and book writers of the day. Television and in particular Irving Gitlin, who heads the whole CBS Public Affairs program, has discovered that good pictures need good words. Music too has now assumed full partnership with sight. George Antheil's score for *Twentieth Century* and Robert Russell Bennett's music for the NBC Salomon *Project Twenty* series supply a large element of their power.

Henry Salomon, in fact, could be called NBC's pioneer in the correlation of living history; not of one man or one event but of an era.

In the continuation of Salomon's *Project Twenty* series, which he has always considered not as "special fare" but as an integral part of television entertainment, he and his writer-colleague Richard Hanser have managed to make these massive correlations dramatic wholes. The first you will see this year on November 20 (not because it is finished but because it is sponsored by Timken Roller Bearing) is "The Innocent Years"—from the turn of the century until 1916. The second, which I have previewed, will be "Back in the Thirties," not to be scheduled for release until it finds a sponsor. This is an hour and a half of restored experience; of songs ("Night and Day," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "Happy Days Are Here Again," "September Song"); of people (Hoover, Farley, Will Rogers, Roosevelt of course, Mussolini, Huey Long); of the despairs of the depression and the triumphs of its victors; of foolishness and bigotry and bravery and the shadows of danger closing in at the end. The tale is fascinating, the faces of those now dead or grown old are haunting. The process of selection and organization must have been formidable, and although there is masterful continuity and a fine sense of alternation of mood, of beat, and of climax, the viewer's digestion, both visual and emotional, comes close to being overtaxed. There is almost too much; and the final impression cannot have the unity and clarity left by a treatment less ambitious in scope and limited to a single theme.

Salomon was faced also with the very tricky problem of interpreting a time still so near our own, so freighted with conflicting and violent emotion. It is to his and Hanser's credit that they were able to make Roosevelt's stature clearly visible above and beyond the errors he committed or with which his enemies charged him. "Back in the Thirties" may well raise argument if not uproar. It is also bound to remind all but those who are pathologically anti-F.D.R. that a President's major function is to lead.

WHAT Salomon does to a decade twice a season, NBC's Huntley does to a moment every week, providing in his program *Outlook* on Sundays one of the most direct, balanced, and candid assessments of living issues on television.

Slightly tangential to history and news is CBS's new *Seven Lively Arts* program, guided by an extraordinary theatrical talent, John Houseman, who has managed to wed art and commerce from the time he began the Mercury Theatre with Orson Welles to his summer work as producer-director of Shakespeare at Stratford, Connecticut. An inveterate leaper at challenge, Houseman has left the suspended animation of Hollywood for television, entranced by the medium's untapped riches. One of his programs, "The Proclaimers," due on November 17, proves that he is tapping them. This study of evangelism has an impact equal to its entertainment as it takes a good close look at the men and women—black and white, local and national—who have dedicated their frenetic services to bringing people to God. Particularly fascinating is the examination of Billy Graham's organization, techniques, and power; and of Oral Roberts, whose speech and actions come dangerously close to being violent and profane exercises in mesmerism. Aimee Semple MacPherson, religion's love goddess, provides welcome comic relief and a reminder of inane attitudes. But the program never loses sight of its core: the human need, since time began, to lose and find self in mass belief; and the use of this need, periodically, by men who serve themselves or God—or both.

It is proper to the catchall title (and Houseman's nature) that another *Seven Lively Arts* program, to be seen on November 3, should concern "The Changing Ways of Love," have a witty and impudent script by S. J. Perelman, borrow freely from magazine ads, love scenes from famous novels, and drawings by James Thurber and John Held, Jr., and arrive at the comforting if debatable conclusion that we are due for romantic love again.

John Crosby's narration for this series should give people equally comforting evidence that critics can be human. But his professional involvement in TV has raised in some minds the question of conflict of interest. It is pointed out that he might hesitate to praise a program on which he appeared. But is that objectivity?

Face to Face

If *Twentieth Century* is mainly concerned with our times and the figures who have shaped them, and if *Seven Lively Arts* is mainly geared to attitudes, then CBS's third new venture in living history, *Small World*, is what *Person to Person* should be and never is: the confrontation of mind to mind, voice to voice, and face to face. Eric Sevareid is the connecting switchboard, and his first sample transatlantic hookup (unscheduled because unsponsored) was among such distant and disparate persons as Aneurin Bevan and Malcolm Muggeridge in England and Governor Theodore McKeldin of Maryland. The conversation, ranging from billboards on highways to Communism (none of them liked either), crackled not with static but with the spirited play of agile brains. Since the mechanics

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allow each man to see the other's face as he hears his voice, the contact between phrase and reaction is sustained for speakers as well as viewers. The idea of *Small World* is that people will write to CBS asking, for instance, to hear Clare Boothe Luce, Tallulah Bankhead, and Mrs. Braddock (Labour M.P. for Liverpool) discuss sex. Unknown sponsor, why not?

The program should provide a welcome variation from the gimlet-interview format, now featured on four channels: ABC's *Mike Wallace Show,* Dumont's *Night Beat,* with John Wingate, NBC's *Look Here!* with Martin Agronsky, and the periodic confrontations with important world figures by CBS's Murrow and NBC's Huntley (although in the last two instances the emphasis is on news rather than neuroses). This observation is not intended to diminish the importance to television and the viewer of the insight some of these personal explorations afford. No figure has brought more excitement and value to a great viewing public this year than Frank Lloyd Wright answering not Mike Wallace but the artist's conscience. And although Wingate has not had a subject of his stature (how many are there?) and often does not make the keenest use of his research, a number of the people pinned in his studio beam of light have not only revealed a great deal about themselves but also about the society they live in.

It is a pity that a reporter as acute and able as Agronsky has not yet found his stride in the examination of the world's more prominent egos. His format does not fit him: The program so far has been like a stiff collar on a man used to sports shirts. Watch him when he takes off his collar. And in between, keep tabs on the *Wisdom* series on NBC if you want your living history in terms of the single human journey. After Pablo Casals and Bertrand Russell, recently seen, you will be introduced to Marcel Duchamp on November 3, Robert Frost on November 10, and Igor Stravinsky on November 17.

OF COURSE, if you don't have TV, you can go right on saying that ninety per cent of television is a waste of time. You are right. But to miss that other ten per cent is a waste of experience.

'The Landlord Of the Public Estate'

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE DEMOCRATIC ROOSEVELT: A BIOGRAPHY OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, by Rexford G. Tugwell. *Doubleday. $5.50.*

One of the most interesting phenomena of the Roosevelt era was the way that criticism, invective, ridicule, and slander meant for Roosevelt himself landed on those around him. The office no doubt protected F.D.R. from some of the onslaught. His air of superb self-assurance, leading as it did to a certain hopelessness over the possibility of ever getting under his skin, was no doubt an even greater protection. Everyone close to him—the original members of the Brain Trust; Morgenthau, Ickes, Wallace, Hopkins, and Frances Perkins; and Eleanor more than anyone else—became a target. To be in Roosevelt's confidence, in short, was to be a lightning rod for the wrath he aroused but to which he was so disconcertingly immune.

New Deal Behavior Patterns

All this has been remarked, but rather less attention has been paid to the performance of Roosevelt's subordinates under this fire. This made for a revealing study both in human nature and the principles of personal political strategy. First of all, obviously, a man could keep himself clear of some and perhaps most of the assault by keeping himself a little remote from Roosevelt. Cordell Hull did this as a matter of course, while with Jesse Jones it was a matter of elaborate design. The trouble with this strategy was that Roosevelt had a wonderful capacity for detecting it. And most of those who wanted to contract out as far as criticism was concerned yearned to be in as far as influence was involved. In New Deal days, being in the White House inner circle was what made life in Washington worthwhile.

For those who didn't keep their distance there were three other courses. One was to match criticism with criticism and, if necessary, billingsgate with billingsgate. This was the Ickes way. It was also used by Leon Henderson and for a time by Hugh Johnson. Unquestionably, it made some of the attackers look for a less responsive target. But this strategy required a certain talent for insult, and it also required the freedom of movement that goes with cabinet or similar rank. No one wants a subordinate who is engaged in full-time turmoil.

The second course was to quit. This, however, meant a disastrous loss of public importance. Moreover, resignation affirmed, at least obliquely, the truth of the criticism, vilification, and assorted slander the individual had been taking. What is even worse in our rugged culture, it suggested that the individual couldn't take it. Finally, it meant exchanging one group of friends for none at all. However, these nasty consequences, or some of them, could be avoided if the individual followed up his resignation with a high-minded attack on the New Deal and all its works. This showed that his departure was a matter of principle. It also won for him a new bunch of friends who immediately stopped slandering and began applauding him instead. There is ample evidence of the appeal of this strategy. Any number of New Dealers left Washington and never stopped until they reached the *Reader's Digest.*

THE REMAINING strategy was simply to take it—as long as possible or indefinitely. This was what Mrs. Roosevelt did with accomplished equanimity. So did Miss Perkins, although perhaps with slightly less calm. And, perhaps better than any other male, so did Rexford G. Tugwell. None was lacerated more. He was good-looking and literate—indeed, he had written a poem. He was the most prominent professional economist in an administration dis-

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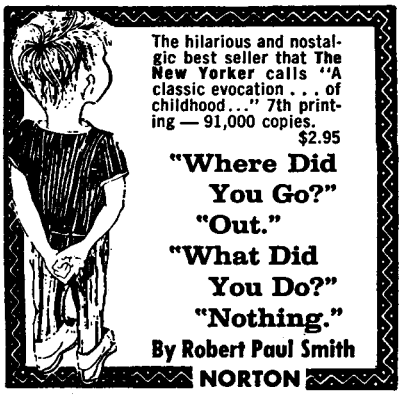
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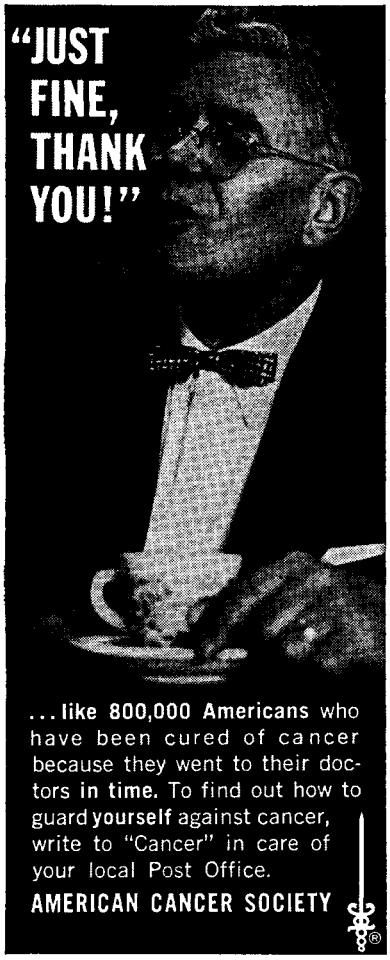
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liked above all for its economics. He concerned himself with such improbable reforms as relief of the most indigent farmers, the regulation of advertising and sale of poisonous medicine and caustic eyewash, and the resuscitation of Puerto Rico. Nothing could have been better calculated to stir the indignation of right-thinking men and women everywhere. Yet Tugwell remained imperturbable. He always seemed in his pictures to be looking a trifle superciliously at his detractors, which may have added to their anger. When his public career was over he went quietly back to teaching. Those who took their medicine in this manner may not fare so badly in the final accounting on F.D.R.—if there ever is one—although those who reversed the field looked a lot better at the time.

Devotion and Detachment

This vast book on Roosevelt will do quite a bit to affirm Tugwell's claim for consideration, for it shows, in unmistakable terms, the solid qualities that caused him to stick it out. First and most important, he was (and remains) the creature of his convictions. Foremost among these was the belief that government could improve the lot of the people, more especially of those who had the least. In the second place, he was loyally devoted to F.D.R. without being blinded by him. Thus when the President changed course or even deserted him on an issue, he wasn't shocked or even greatly surprised. His loyalty kept him steadfast. He suppressed his pride and waited for the next time. Tugwell brings this combination of devotion, selflessness, and detachment to bear in this biography, and in some ways it is its best feature. It combines a rich warmth of feeling for F.D.R. with a cold-blooded view of his political techniques. Finally, Tugwell was a highly qualified social scientist who never supposed that his training and analytical abilities were less important in Washington than at Columbia. These also come to bear in this volume, sharply on personalities and politics and rather less sharply on policies and accomplishments.

Tugwell develops and defends the thesis that Roosevelt was a late starter, that he acquired but slowly the knowledge, experience, and poise that were to make him the greatest figure of his age. He was fortunate in winning his elections after and not before he was prepared for office. Both as governor and as President, he is pictured here as I have always thought he must have seen himself—as the custodian of a fine but misused property he intended to improve drastically. Along with the glimpses of the people around him, including the original Brain Trust, the portrait of Roosevelt as the landlord of the public estate is perhaps the most interesting part of the book.

In other respects the volume is disappointing. For one thing, it is far too long. And on many subjects it is long without being exhaustive. The story of the Presidency is extremely spotty. One gets from the volume a very good notion of F.D.R.'s problems in getting things done but very little connected notion of his accomplishments.

Also, Tugwell throws comparatively little light on the subject on which historians stand most in need of his help, namely, the economics of the early New Deal. He was, as I have noted, the most highly placed professional economist in Roosevelt's early entourage. Men struggled then, and they have struggled since, to identify the connected web of economic ideas that underlay New Deal measures, and they have wondered how much to attribute to Roosevelt's undoubted gift for improvisation and empiricism.

For any solution, Tugwell's own views and interpretation are obviously of first importance. He makes clear that he never believed that depressions were self-correcting. Nor did he have any hope that the economy could be made to work better by making it more competitive—what he calls the atomistic solution. He sensed that a shortage of purchasing power had something to do with the problem, but he had yet to accept the Keynesian remedy of public spending. (To reduce taxes seemed even more radical.) There is a great deal more scattered comment on his own and F.D.R.'s economic views. But nowhere does Mr. Tugwell give us anything like a systematic treatment, which is too bad.

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We Are Still Looking On

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. Edited with an introduction by Jacques Barzun. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $5.*

Chapman was born in 1862 and so was O. Henry. But it is safe to assume that the two never drank together in Pete's Tavern on Irving Place in New York. This was not because one of them had been to jail and the other to Harvard. That would not have mattered to either man. It was surely not that Chapman's heart was closed to such troubles as could befall O. Henry's heroines—his heart was open to even deeper American agonies. It was because one of them was a professional writer—living, like Edgar Allan Poe, that earlier professional, on drink and his pen—while the other was an amateur writer who lived on inherited money and who took to his pen only after politics, the law, travel, reading, or conversation in his club had failed to absolve him from a deep sense of moral obligation.

Chapman's natural bent was to act rather than preach. He had a clear idea of how Americans should be able to act as individuals and he viewed with devastating fury the conformism—yes, even then—that dimmed his bright image of the country he loved. He was only twenty years or so younger than Henry James and, like James, he was aware that New York just after the Civil War had its cultural limitations. He was even able to see that Boston and Harvard had their limitations, too. Commercial New York was dull; Boston, in spite of Emerson and President Eliot, was commercial too, and dull. But it was not dullness that concerned Chapman. Dullness was only a symptom of what he thought was America's betrayal of its mission: to be the Greater Greece of Europe's tradition.

From afar Henry James looked at this state of affairs as if nothing could be done about it. History, James thought, meandered along, providing a past that could be the cause of poignant personal nostalgia, offering a present that made up a spectacle of intense interest, and suggesting—this would be the word, nothing more definite—a future on which one could only speculate.

Chapman thought otherwise. His writing was witty, vehement, and terse, but whereas James was responsible only to his art, Chapman felt acute, personal responsibility for the state of the whole nation, for its present and future and even for its past. Responsibility for the past does not die with the dead. Since the past both illuminates and encumbers the present, no evasion of gratitude or shame is possible: The burden remains.

It was this principle that determined Chapman's life. He sought to give back to his country all it had lost or thrown away of its rightful heritage from the Greeks, the Romans, and Europe. And so he was preoccupied with education—that was the side of his work which permitted the most fireworks, wit, and originality. But there was the other side that revealed only earnestness and anger—that was when he assumed the burden of his country's guilt for the institution of slavery.

The Union had been formed on the basis of a compromise that perpetuated slavery; the Civil War had been fought to save that Union, not explicitly to free the slaves; and Chapman's comment on the end of that war was a quotation from Jeremiah: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

CHAPMAN proved his right to be indignant in print. In 1912 he traveled to a small Pennsylvania town called Coatesville where he held a public prayer meeting—attended by only three persons—to commemorate a lynching: "We are met . . . not for the purpose of condemning it," he said, "but to repent of our share in it. . . . Some people may say that you and I cannot repent because we did not do the act. But we are involved in it. We are still looking on."

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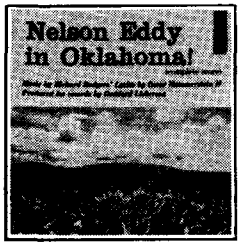

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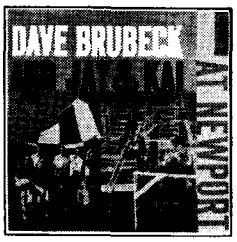

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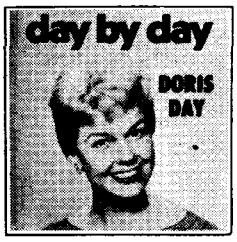

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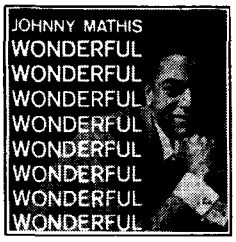

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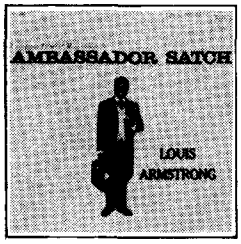

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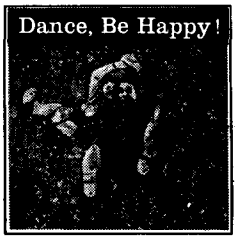

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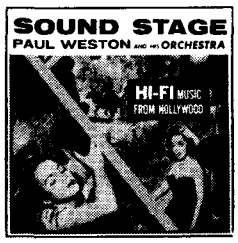

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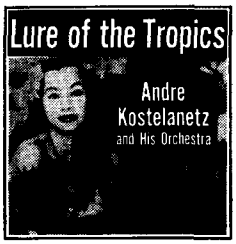

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